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MEMOIRS OF F. C. WEBB

F.C.WEBB was a topping figure of the time. His great qualities endeared him to the people, he was the sweetener of the cup of their life. My soul's delight, My heart's joy was their word for him. To dilate over his great gifts in the most florid and ornate style will only be a faint praise for him. To dwell on his superb endowments in the most soaring and lofty prose will be mild praise for him. He represented the greatest amount of talent that was ever compressed in a single body. The best masters of style will desperately flounder in their descriptions of his supreme eminence. The greatest stylists of prose will feel not quite at home in the language when given the task of describing his scintillating intellect. Authors with a most potential command of the language and in possession of the choicest diction will boggle at the task of giving a picture of his sparkling virtues. A full-blooded portrait of his magnetic and bewitching personality is beyond the compass of human imagination. The best writers of flowery prose will botch in the performance. My paucity of resources hardly allows me to essay the task of giving the readers a glimpse of the firm and flawless virtues of Mr. F.C. Webb. Where is my crabbed Engilsh and where are the impeccable qualities of F. C. Webb. To set in intelligible detail so that the account can make a gainful impression on the human mind, the eminent qualities of the great man, the prime requisite is a masterful knowledge of English and not the scrappy sort of acquaintanceship with the tongue as I can boast of A long-winded description that can render adequate justice

to his unswerving virtue and unaberring conduct is beyond the compass of my achievement because I am not so perfectly at home in this difficult language which has such a capacious vocabulary as I can never completely possess in the span of a single life. Considering the fact that I am not perfectly at ease in the language to be able to give in winding detail the multiplicity of facts with which his life is crowded and crammed, I will only try to skim the salient facts of his life as best as I can with my snappy knowledge of English. That is all that I can howsoever shruggingly and quavering with fear hope to lay my hands to. Fear tugs at my soul when I venture to brace myself up to this menacing task. Doubt and uncertainty tear at my heart when I dare to think of embarking on this project. Fear plucks at my soul when the thought of setting my hands to this work enters my head. Quavering uncertainty seems to paralyse my faculties and threaten the success of my effort. Howsoever impressive the magnitude of the task may be and howsoever imposing the obstacles in my way, I must buckle myself to it and set off in a forthright, downright manner to delineate his superabundance of virtue and his tough merit.

The father of F. C. Webb got stuck up with a comely lady whose graces stole his heart and stunned his brain. An intense passion surged up through him and stirred the depths of his being. An undeniable desire to marry her in order to put this love on unshaking foundations stemmed from this raging passion for her. So he got twined with her in wedlock and quelled the thoughts of those who opined that it is only a case of promiscuous love resting on sandy foundations or an illicit alliance with nothing but a shadowy basis. The result of this intertwining appeared to human eyes when Webb came tumbling out of his mother's womb. As soon as he came out of the smug pouch of his mother, he felt a feather of chill across his back and raised a perfectly natural human cry. At once his mother was all over him and wrapped him up in smocks and frocks and napkins and kerchief and bib,

folded him to her breast, kissed him on the nose and laid him to rest His extreme, pinching hunger made itself plain to her when he avidly sucked dry her heaving, swelling breasts, tugged at them mightily, then made an attempt to do away with them by sucking first his thumb and then his toe. Fattened on a diet of human milk, he rapidly gathered strength to get up and be on all fours. It is a settled proposition of the theory of Evolution that man is a later stage in the course of evolution and that the first living beings on the earth were the animals. Man has evolved from the animals. It is, therefore, that animal instincts appear first in man and human traits afterwards. Webb gave a succinct proof of this by the first thing he did was to walk on all fours. He waddled along the floor, leaving a trail of urine punctuated by his droppings at regular intervals to show his halting places as the railway line dotted with stations marks the route of the train with its stopping places. Gradually, with the daily victualling, he began to grow like a balloon in all dimensions till he was on the wrong side of six.

As he cleared six, his parents betook to the propriety of admitting him to school. Hearing the name of school, he began to play the same game of hide and seek with his parents as he used to with his playmates, entering the skirts of his mother, coming out on the other side then getting into the ulster of his father. Anyhow he had to tear himself away from his sportful life and take to a zealous pursuit of knowledge. He went to one classroom and read there the motto that knowledge is power. It fired him on to a frenzied pursuit of learning. His brain took fire and he would be in a white heat to possess all the knowledge that is enshrined in the school-books. A frenzied passion to master all the sealed class-books took feverish possession of him. He hissed and fizzed with enthusiasm to make shortwork of all the books so that it is not long before their total contents are on his lips and his finger-tips. He was brimful of resolves to mug up all the books

so that their words dance before his eyes as they appear on the printed page. He parrotted the texts and learned by rote the cribs till it appeared that he was going to burst with knowledge. He walked with arms akimbo rightly proud of plentiful knowledge. He feathered himself on his exclusive possession. He smattered something from the books with much show of distinction. But very soon in the course of these displays of talent, he would begin to stumble and it appeared that the whole thing was slipping away from his grasp. Nothing seemed to stick in his memory. It was all fading out soon, so soon, too soon. Shortly his memory was denuded of everything. Everything had been washed clean out of it and his whole boast was a hollow boast. He went to another schoolroom and found there another motto "Little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It brought him a much-needed relief and mighty consolation. After all he could have obtained only a little knowledge in this elementary stage of education. He could have picked up only a few crumbs of learning in these primary classes. Full knowledge is not within the compass of human achievement even in a lifetime. Perhaps with his little knowledge he might have ignited some fuse that would have blasted his house or caught some spark with his streaming skirt that would have set him on fire.

The life of the child Webb was in these days penduluming between the school and the home. At school, he was the delight of his schoolmates. At home he was the charmer of the life of his parents. He knew how to creep into their skin when he had to wheedle something out of them. At other times he created a terrific din and clatter when he felt that a soft policy will not win success. He smote the air and sparred. He fisted the air so violently that with his own momentum he came to the ground. He kicked the air so high that he overturned himself. At such times he sorely tried the nerves of his parents who looked upon the whole

racket with bursting impatience. He got on their nerves. At such times his raspers ended only when his wishes were conceded. His wrath softened and he cooled off only when his demands were fulfilled by them out of filial affection. He was a perfect terror to his younger brothers and sisters who flew before him as fragments of a screed of paper before the wind. As he was stepping from year to year of his life, he was gaining in intelligence. His school-books were particularly helpful in evolving his brain. Enough of knowledge he had reaped from them to enable him to steer clear through the facts of life. It enabled him to live a full life and drain the cup of joy to the lees. The juiciness of life was extracted by him to the full with the help of his capacious learning. His mind broadened by the recent additions to knowledge and the latest advances of science could take full measure of a situation and eke the utmost out of it. The real use of knowledge, he knew, lay in this that one can wring the utmost sweetness out of his portion in life. It is no good bewailing your lot and cursing your destiny. That is the way of the lackadaisical. That is the warped mind of the fatalist.The full-blooded man with purple blood rushing in his veins and mantling in his cheeks knows nothing of the hardnesses of existence and the craggy corners of life. For him it is all luscious luxury who knows how to tap for it. He had gained enough by this time to sense the springs of delight.

He bought a dentifrice from the dealer's shop. He pressed the tube in the middle and a tiny tongue of toothpaste came out from the other end of the tube as he would pinch his ladylove in the waist and her tongue would loll out of her mouth. A bit of this he put on the bristles of the toothbrush and applied it to his mouth. According to the directions enclosed with the dental tube, he pushed the brush in and out, in and out, making of it a very active piston. His mouth began to drip. Presently a regular stream

began to flow from his mouth. What is this tasty article that has made my saliva gush out so liberally, he thought to himself. Really it must be something very tasteful that has made my mouth water so heavily. It must be, I imagine, something very palatable that it made my mouth salivate so runningly, as they say in science books that dishy things readily release the saliva from the mouth. Surely I must have a bit more of this flavoury delicacy to have the real pride of possession. He put a handsome quantity on the brush and applied it to his mouth. Running the brush backward and forward he worked it up into a thick froth. He went on vigorously with the brush so that his mouth was full of puffy foam till it choked his breath.

In the parents of F. C. Webb was a union of the two ends of the earth. One came from the Orient, the other from the Occident. One was the pure whiteness of milk, the other the sooty blackness of coal-tar. One was the unadulterated white of marble, the other the pitch black of charcoal. One was the daylight of rippling sunshine, other the wild night of inky darkness. One's was a chalk-white face, the other's a charred countenance. Unmixed whiteness of one corner of the globe was joined to unbleached blackness of the other. If one's skin was fleecy white, the other's was tarry black. The two were poles apart in their facial complexion. It was the meeting of the positive electricity with the negative that created the spark of love between them. It was the south pole and the north pole joined together that had set up a magnetic current between them and so attracted the people like iron filings who stood lined up transfixed with wonderment watching this phenomenon of the black and white love. The fruit of this union was F. C Webb. He was an Anglo-Indian. His father was an Indian. His mother was an English lady. In his body, therefore, there was a mixture of both the colours; the snow-white of the leper and the pitchy black of the negro.

He derived both from his father and his mother. In him, there was a generous mixture of the likes and dislikes of his father and his mother. The traits of both the parents were plentifully mixed in him. The habits of both of them had entered into his formation. Their characteristics had got into him. He borrowed both from his father and his mother. He took after both of them. People say that the son goes after the father and the daughter after the mother. This belief arises from fuddled thinking. It stems from mental fuzziness. It is a hash-up of inadequate knowledge and muddled thinking. Because the son associates mostly with the father while the daughter is always seen clinging to the skirts of her mother, so naturally each picks up from the ways of his associate. But these are only acquired traits. They are not the inherent characteristics of the person. Among people there are some inborn traits which are so deeply rooted in them that they cannot be shaken off. You find some habits in certain people which seem so firmly planted in them that they cannot break those habits. Any such person, howsoever he may resolve that he has got to get rid of a particular habit, he falters in his planned course and makes a lapse with the result that such infructuous efforts tell upon his will and make it week and flabby and flaccid for any other work to which he addresses himself. As a matter of fact those are not habits but inborn traits that cannot be effaced. They are in his blood, To discard them is out of question. To erase them is beyond belief. Any such idea that he can obliterate those traits out of him passes credibility. Webb too inherited some traits from his parents that had stamped their brand on him. These peculiarities categorised him absolutely apart from others. These qualities branded him distinctly from others. They had set their seal on him and classified him separately from others

From his father he got the mental trait of going with the flood of time. You may dub him an opportunist, time-

server windcock or aught else but he believed in making hay while the sun shines, in reaping the harvest of time. Blowing with the wind was near him an admirable virtue, and a covetable quality. An obstinate stand on principle and a stubborn resistance to evil forces was not in his get-up. He did'nt have the guts to face a dire conflict, It was far from him to be in the thick of a fight. The thought of a tough resistance made his flesh creep. The idea of pitting himself against another gave him the shivers. Far from him to strengthen his saggy will and nerve himself up for a stiff fight. The thought of it gave him the creeps. It was easier to bow before the wild onslaught and let the trouble blow over. Not for him to stem the rising tide, to supplant the evil forces. Never did he like to raise the devil in his opponent by showing him a front. His was the smooth way of truckling to the favour of the strong and imposing upon the weak.

Coupled with this and strengthening it, there was another trait in him which he had borrowed from his mother and which was answerable for his doggish habits. Dogs were her pets. Dogs tickled her fancy. She petted dog, her heart melted with love for them. She hugged them to her breast. She clasped them to her bosom. She fondled them and bore them in her lap. She planted her kisses on them. She sported with them and took them. Her affection to them was genuinely filial. How she longed she had a dog as son. Their frisky frolics took her heart. All this time she was quick with child. She was pregnant by her husband. She was bearing the child Webb in her womb. The thoughts of the child-bearing mother leave their impress on the child in the womb. Much of the later life of the child is based on the thoughts and longings that obsessed the mother in pregnancy. It was from this source that he had those innate habits of adulation and sycophancy that were so prickingly manifest in his later life. Toadying to the great gave him a masochist delight. Laying

himself out before the big and grovelling in the dust before him gave him a masochistic pleasure. There is a rare delight in grovelling at the feet of the beloved whom he has enshrined in his heart, that is vouchsafed only to the masochist. For him there is a singular pleasure in licking the dust at the feet of the idol that is installed in his breast For him there is a divine bliss in going down on his knees before her, an ambrosial enjoyment in falling at her feet, in kissing her instep. All such pleasure was his own for F. C. Webb. He particularly excelled in behaving like a cur, in waggling his tail, in showing his belly like a dog. By such flunkeyish means he managed to secure a position as a magitsrate. Being a lackey served him well in that he got positioned on a fat salary. Never giving a damn to the moral aspect of anything, he was now put on the pedestal to keep others from infringing the law. Although he had never given a thought to the moral issue in a case, but he had got a posting to restrain others from violating the law. Always staunch for the utmost liberty of personal inclinations, he was to tell others to keep within the confines of law. Himself a hedonist and a firm believer in giving free, uninhibited expression to every inner urge, he was asked to hold the balance between people, make them chasten their desires, curb their impulses, bridle their emotions and keep their wayward wishes on the leash. In him there was not the least spark of interest in law, not the slightest feeling for morality, but he coveted for that post because the salary attached to it was a good slice of money. Now he was to stand sentinel and keep an alert vigil on the erratic instincts of others. Now he was to be an exemplar among law-upholders. One who had never cared a hang for the law and who had been ever camouflaging his real mind under some kind of superficial talk was now holding the reins of justice in his hands. It was due to the tyranny of the times.

A long time had gone since Webb first felt the stirrings of sex. Years had rolled by when sex awoke in him.

Passion for the fair sex first thrilled his being a long time ago. The sight of the opposite sex raised his hairs when he was just a hobbledehoy. Even as a snippet of a youth, he had felt the urgings of passion. He had been long familiar with the drive of the sex instinct.

It is a settled fact of psychology that if the means of fulfilment are in sight, the desire of the human heart quickens and begins to strain at the leash. On seeing that satisfaction is within promise, the human urge cannot be reined in and seems like breaking away. Now that he had stood on his own legs and could live on his own money and earnings, the sex propulsions of Webb carried him in erratic courses. Sometime he switched off in this direction, sometime in the other in the hunt for a bosom companion. During his vagrant switchings for a heart friend, he chanced upon a girl who he thought, was the girl of his heart. A girl of ripping beauty, some girl that, he often soliloquised. She had kindled an unquenchable passion in him. That flame had stirred up in him a profound passion for her. He had been agitated to the depths by the first sight of her. That seraphic vision had thrown him into swoons. Involuntarily he would make blandishments to an imaginary beloved. He would often catch himself stripping himself bare. Often in his solitary moments he would find himself tearing at his under- garments. Frequently he would get up and make a swing dance round the hallucination of his beloved. He would go in a whirl round the hallucinated form of his sweetheart. The surge of passion had made him uneasy. He was after that charmaid. Never before had he seen such a nice morsel of a girl. She daily passed a particular place on her way to her daily round. Webb reached there hours before to have a full view of her. The moment she loomed into sight, he would grow uneasy and begin to shift on his feet. As she neared, he churned up the dust of the roadside. At times he was swept off his feet and was flat on his back. He watched her approach from the tail of his eye

and when she had passed along, a sigh from his lips hung on the air. That girl had completely taken his fancy. Love for her had gained complete mastery over him. He wanted to win her, to have her in his clasp. To this end, he used many devices. He would wear gaudy dresses to show himself off before her as a pheasant-cock displays the colour of his feathers before a pheasant-hen. As she passed before him, he would puff out his chest like a turkey, turned about to show his profile and then his backside. Then he brushed past her just as a cock scrapes his spur against his wing before his hen. Evidently there is much in nature for man to copy. The steamship was shaped after the fish, the aeroplane after the bird and the camera was modelled after the structure of the human eye. Webb knew all that.

The efficacy of these methods was demonstrated to the hilt when he actually succeeded in hooking her. He had dragged the lake of humanity in the search for a golden girl and he had got it. He had fished for her, cast his net round her and bagged her. Joy of his heart was breaking its confines at having annexed her. Unable to contain himself in his skin, he was almost bursting with pride at having possessed her. The sweep of passion had brought him to her, had tied him up with her. He was head over heels in love with her. But she too responded quickly. She clung to him as much as he went round her. Between them there was a sympathy of souls. The marriage turned out well and the couple got along together very admirably. One child came, then the other followed and so on till the house was full of their screeches. Roof of the house would ring with their cries and the echo vibrated through the vault. The litter sometimes fell out among themselves and raised such cries as to bring down the roof over their head. It much tickled the delight of the mother when they sported among themselves. As

one shook hands with the other after the fashion of wrestlers, patted his thighs and closed up with him, it gladdened the heart of the mother. But when in sport they became serious and tore and tugged at each other's hair, she threw herself between them and drew them apart. Their father too loved them immensely and greatly fondled them. He would lift his child up in the air and hold him before himself above the level of his shoulders. He much enjoyed that sight but things became unpleasant when the child directed his hose at him and the stream from the syringe met the father full face.

Money too was flowing in as fast rather faster than children so that his children never proved a drag on his income. Gone were the days when he was so down and out. Ended were the days when he was out at the heels. Past were the times when he was a man of a meagre purse. No more was he a man of a thin, a slight, a slender purse. All those days had become a memory now. Now he was in the thick of money. By a steady abuse of his powers he had hoarded piles of wealth. Now he was in possession of heaps of money because in his hands was the power to make or mar the fate of a man with his aberrant mind. Now he had lots of money, was indeed brimful of it. There was no want now which his fat purse could not fulfil. He had battened on the money of the people whose destiny he had to decide. His opulent magnificence dazzled the imagination of the people. Men talked in a dazed undertone of his stores of wealth. Very soon he began to gather suckers round himself. People full of designs on his money began to hang round him. Blood-sucking leeches of the whole area collected round him. Hangers on of the entire locality clustered round him. The attentions of these parasites filled up his time. Their mild flatteries engrossed his attention. Their honied phrases fluffed him up. Their oily expressions cheered his heart. Lauding him to the

skies they wormed their way into him. Their greasy expressions stuck in his heart.

One raw, cold morning he got up from his bed and went to his mother. "Mother mine, " he said " I have seen a dream today. An unusual dream it is. If you know anything of Oneirology, exercise your wit on it. I have dreamt that I am lying on the roadside with my mouth so full of succulent, luscious fruits that their juice was flowing from the corners of my mouth. A dog came and licked the corners of my mouth. He ran his tongue over my lips and lapped up the juices oozing from it. Then he kissed my mouth, sniffed it and smelled it. He then raised a leg of his, rested it against my forehead, pissed on my face and went away.

" What do you make of it, mother dear, if you have read anything on the interpretation of dreams." He asked his mother.

The mother, growing much thoughtful, put her finger in her mouth and ruminated over the question. She then said, " Verily the light has dawned on me. Dog in this stands for friends, because dog is known as man's best friend. The whole dream boils down to this that your friends will benefit from your possessions. They will thrive on your money and knock you off in the end. "

His life in the household had many such lighter aspects which relieved the tedium of daily life and the dull monotony of the household. Much of the humdrum weariness of life was lightened by amorous attentions of the husband to the wife. He knotted about her, he curled about her. He dug into her, he buried into her. Nobody could make out if it was a case of love or he was having a spasm of pain. But when he went round her, men of understanding could say that he was loving her. Rare thrills did he get in embracing her, in multiplying points of contact with her. He felt great tickles in rubbing against her.

One breezy day, he went out with his wife for a stroll. He was going arm in arm with her, taking air. Many sights he passed on the way, but he did not care to look right or left. He was going cock-breasted with arm linked into the arm of his wife. Further on, there was a bridge which spanned a gutter full of garbage, thick black mud and fœtid matter. The road narrowed over the bridge. The traffic of the roadside became condensed on the bridge. There was a thick stream of traffic on the bridge. Man rubbed shoulder against man. A dense mass of people was moving across the bridge. On came the Webb couple keeping on one side of the road to avoid contact with the vulgar. They were moving on the frfnge of the road, on one side of the bridge. Suddenly, the leg of Mr. Webb got so interlinked with the leg of Mrs. Webb that she fell on the road while Webb went into the gutter.Dropping into the gutter, he slipped a few yards on, carrying in front of him all the mud of the gutter.

Next morning there was a tremendous applause in the Press. All the papers splashed the news with a double-column heading giving an animated account of the whole incident. They said that everyone ought to know that there is nothing of shame in public service. A local magistrate exemplified this by his own conduct. There is a sewerage on the edge of the city chokeful of seething, stinking, bubbling mud and foul, putrescent matter. Its reeking heavy odours are enough to burn the nostrils and give the passerby a headache. Much has been written in the columns of the Press regarding ihe imperative and crying necessity of cleaning this pustulating spot of the city. But nobody has given ear to it and this festering spot remains in full blast fouling the air as ever.

One local magistrate turned his attention to it and showed us the way to clear it. F. C. Webb his name is. The moment he saw this sore stink from the top of

the bridge as he passed over it, he made a high jump into the gutter, carrying before him all the mud and garbage and sweeping clean the bottom of the gutter a considerable distance. If a few more such public-spirited men can come forward to take a pole jump into the gutter, they will very soon carry its whole filth and slime beyond the city border.

His glory was in this way steadily increasing in volume. Day by day, hour by hour he was rising to fame. From day to day, his fame was rising sky high. The constant ticking of the clock spelt his steady rise to fame, he was reaching the pinnacle of fame. In the estimation of people, he was growing bigger and bigger. He was annexing fame with every hour of his life. His fame was sky-rocketing. He was in his high and palmy days. By this time, his admirers had heavily grown in numbers. The circle of his popularity was rapidly expanding. He walked in a halo of glory, he moved in a haze of greatness. People blinked at his sight, then stared with eyes wide open. Many squirmed with love for him, but none could have access to him. They had to show distant respect to him, more particularly because he too knowing his greatness kept an attitude of studious reserve towards them. He kept himself above the general run of people, the common rut of humanity. They looked upon him as a cynosure. They thought that this is a model which they could set before themselves and copy. They wanted to base themselves on him, to talk after him, to dress after him, to imbibe his thoughts, to drink deep of his philosophy of life. In him, they thought, they could find a complete code of conduct; he being a man who had scaled the heights of success. In their thoughts he was an exemplar, embodying in him the sum of human virtue.

It was with tearing pangs, therefore, that they heard the news of his transfer. It was with a lightning shock that they heard the news. They virtually collapsed

under it. They were sorely smitten by the news. It had a prostrating effect on them. He who was the light of their eyes was departing from them. One who ever dwelt in their thoughts would be no more with them. The man who even in the hours of absence haunted their brains would be leaving them. Such news grieved them sorely. People felt much soured at the news. .

But when any of our near and dear ones dies, what can we do but shed copious tears and then give the departed a decent burial. It is impossible to call back the released soul or to put life in the stone dead body. All that we can do is to open our heart in sorrowful remembrance of the manifold virtues of the demised, to give vent to our feelings in tears and then inter the remains in some shady corner, Now that Webb had been transferred, the only course open to them was to hold a function in his honour, pay rich tributes to his qualities and give him a hearty send-off. Bearing this in their hearts, they went to him in a body and invited him to a farewell function in his honour.

A gala dinner was in progress. Dishes sweet and savoury added to the zest of the occasion. Various kinds of preparations were in evidence from meat and ragout to scrambled eggs and fried fish. An aroma hung over them. On sight of them, one would begin to smack his lips. Various kinds of puddings and the inevitable mashed potatoes sharpened the appetite. All its rich variety of dishes scoffed at the paltry attempts of the gastronomic establishments of the country. Its flavoury preparations mocked at the puny efforts of the various eating places. Baked meat, potted meat, scalded vegetables and steaming pork vied with each other for the splendour of the function. Piquant sauces and seasoned pickles were there to improve the digestion. Crowning them all was the bubbling, purple wine that flowed from bottles into decanters till they brimmed with it. The whole scene intoxicated and maddened the onlooker.

Glasses clinking against the plates created a sort of tinkling music like sheep grazing on pastnre. Froth from spilt liquor flecked the table. Spoons scooped out the contents of the dishes that disappeared in mouthfuls. Liquor was swilled in glasses down the throat. Jingling of the knives and forks as some persons cut up the meat startled the others. Another carved the steak and stowed it into his mouth. Another took a good bite and chewed and chawed it vigorously. One indicated his appreciation of wine by sipping it little by little, rolling it around in his mouth and lingering over the taste. Another showed his love for it by taking it in one gulp. Some people slowly masticated their food, others almost swallowed it greedily. Serviettes took what fell from the too full hands and mouths of the greedy. Flower vases decked the table in profusion. Plates glinted, glasses glittered in the glow of the afternoon sun. The diners fell to the victuals with such appetites that there could hardly be any leftovers. When the clatter of knives, forks and platters ceased, the dishes with their few remaining crumbs were removed and the tables cleared. Now the next part of the function began.

Many speakers rose from their chairs one after the other and paid glowing tributes to the excellence and merit of F. C. Webb. They said that he was crammed with fine qualities as was becoming to a man of his position in life. He had achieved a measure of success in life. He had means to gratify all sorts of desires that can rise in the human breast. The wants of life had no edge for him. All the physical comforts of life were within his grasp. Never his heart ached for anything because he never lacked in the means to fulfil his lust for it. We, poor people of meagre resources have to keep our desires on the tether because we hav'nt got the means of satisfaction in sight. Not for us to give the loose to our impulses. It is not open to us to give free rein to our longings of the heart because their gratifica-

tion is not within our access. We have to beat down our desires, we have to whittle down our wants. We have to impose a check on our wishes because we know that with the limited resources at our command, they cannot come to fruition. So we have to crush our dearest longings which we had so fondly nursed in our breast and heave a wistful sigh. How we have to repress and stifle our yearnings and how we feel the sting of repression? But not so with those who have seen the light, whose amplitude of resources does not give them a jot of anxiety about the means of working out their desires. They are men of exalted position, they have an elevated status in life. They stand above other men, far above the common rabble, head and shoulders above the riffraff They have an incisive tntellect, a shrewd, acute insight which gives them a real sense of values, which enables them to sift the grain from the chaff. Their intuitive understanding tells them at once as to what will help them on and what will hold them back. They have got a right philosophy of life and a balanced view of things. They bank upon a clear perspective and a keen sense of values They know what is the principle of life, what is the distilled essence of right thought. Mr. F. C. Webb is among those chosen few, the pick of men. Treading in his footsteps can surely lead us to an improved life and a golden future. Taking tips from his life will surely help us on to an improved standard of existence, will step us up to a better life! We do expect Mr. Webb to give us some hints as to what constitutes greatness in life, what materially advances our position in life, things which have not been able to percolate through our brain so far.

All the speeches trended like this.

Webb got up from his chair to make his farewell speech.

Gentlemen! I thank yeu for the courtesy that you have extended to me and the warm sentiments that you

have expressed towards me. My heart goes out to you at this moment and I find it difficult to tear myself away from you. My heart is melting with love for you and it is unbearable for me to separate from you seeing the genuine affection that you bear towards me and of which you have given an undeniable proof at this moment. Your love for me has kindled in my heart the same response for you. It is a great satisfaction to see that the public has such a warm heart for me. It is a supreme delight to know that I could evoke such fine sentiments in their hearts for me. It gives me a thrill of pleasure to note that I am growing so popular with the public. Some speakers have made touching references to my winsomeness. That is as a matter of fact, my sacred principle to which I am pledged to consecrate my life. I am always soothing and winsome, submissive and yielding. I never provoke anybody's ire, kindle anybody's wrath. I am never provocative. Some people think me a coward. They are mistaken. It's not cowardice. It's tact. More things in this world are managed by tact than by chestiness and bumbledom. There is much mischief wrought and many matters mishandled by so-called valour and bravery. Just now I had given an example. Some of you might have noticed it. A fly came and began hovering round my mouth. I whisked her off. She came again, hovered round my lips and settled on the corner of my mouth. I swished it off again. Again it came and settled on my lips. If I had tried to kill her, I would have knocked off my teeth or hurt my knuckles. You know what I did? I opened my mouth and safely allowed her passage into my mouth, after the morsel of food. Then I snapped my mouth shut after her.

They all admired his tact and his skill in manipulating matters.

After transfer he went to another place. New sights, new sounds he encountered on all sides. He felt the wind of that place in his face and felt freshened up. Exploring

the whole city became his fond desire. He felt an itch of curiosity to visit all its nooks and corners. Seeing one or two places crazed him to see all the rest. All the day, he was legging it along the roads and paths of the city taking in its sights and sounds and smelling all its places. In this way, he familiarised himself with all the noteworthy places of the city. Now that his curiosity was at rest, another feeling came into the dominant position. As one feeling retires into obscurity another heads into prominence. Now that he had acquainted himself with all the important spots of the city and the humming centres, his next attempt was to catch the notice of the public to himself. He wanted to catch the eyes of people, a great man as he considered himself to be. He strutted before them with a straight gaze onward. Some personage he.

One day, he was going jauntily along the road, looking neither to right nor left, but only carrying over his head an umbrella of three feet diameter. On and on, he was proceeding, sweeping off with his umbrella the hats of all the passersby. Nobody minded it much. Guessing that he was some big man, everybody would pick up his hat, dust it, perch it on his head and quietly walk away. But there was one particularly touchy person who absolutely lost his temper. As his hat went off, he absolutely lost control of himself and gave such a resounding slap on the face of Mr. Webb that his snot came out. It spread over his cheek with the two three blows that followed in quick succession; taking the form of a curve running from the nose, going over the lips and ending at the centre of the cheek. Then they were in close grips with each other fisting and scuffling and clutching at each other's hair. Some pacifists tore them apart and asked them to go home. Webb was too breathed and winded to walk a step forward. He stretched himself on the pavement to take some rest. Flies came and settled on his face along the curve of snot. Whosoever settled there, got stuck in it. The

more she tried to break away, the more she got stuck in it until the whole curve of snot was full of flies, buzzing and fluttering indignantly.

There he lay on the pavement demonstrating his patent invention of a new tackle for catching flies.

Love! How many lives you have laid waste, what lives you have rendered purposeless? Love! How many men have been cut loose from their vocations in life and have run mad after some girl who had perturbed their minds? Love! How many feckless fellows would have been the pride of their nation if they had not frittered their lives after some seductive woman? Love! How many youths fell foul of their parents and severed their ties of blood with them to be in the lap of the girl of their thoughts? Love! How many souls got stranded in life because they could not pin attention to anything, their minds being too much obsessed with thoughts of love? Love! what tremendous havocs and holocausts have fouled the record of history? Love! How much war and pillage was done for you, how much massacre and manslaughter? How many pages of history have been dirtied by an account of these events? How many quadrillions, pentillions, decillions of wealth have petered out in conducting those wars, how many cities flattened, houses smashed to atoms in those wars? How many lives snuffed out? All for love. How many men have killed others in love feuds and rivalries? They saw the end of their blood-stained deeds when the drop yawned open, the rope creaked and jumped and they felt strangulated. How many people have been uprooted from their career and got marooned in life, because of love? How many have spent money like water and become financially prostrate? How many went bankrupt? Many a youth has wasted himself in mind and body running after his love. This atrophy of mind and body prayed upon them and finished them off. The seedy looks and weedy forms of some youths tell you the tale of their heart. Often they get demented. Disappointed in love, they aim at

self-destruction and put an end to their life. Many suicidal maniacs are cases of frustrated love. Many broken hearts are examples of unsatified love. So many men have fallen into ruses in pursuit of love. They were inveigled into various kinds of traps in their hope of finding a fulfilment of their love. So many youths were hidinged by the parents of the girls after whom they were running.Many hyper-sensitive men gave a whacking to innocent youths whom they suspected of shadowing their girls. Sometimes a lover gave such a sound drubbing to a rival lover that his bones ached for months. Many women peeved so much at the unsolicited overtures of some dashing lovers that they took off their shoe and gave them a good licking. Insults are the lot of lovers, misery their portion. This love has not left anybody untouched. None was there whose heart did not throb to the appeal of love. None was there whose pulse did not quicken at the thought of love. None was there whose blood did not tingle at the sight of love. People were diddled out of their money, suffered grave hardsh.ps, plunged themselves into waters they found it difficult for themselves to wade through, got into such labyrinths that they beat their brains in seeking to wriggle out of them, still when they heard the call of love next time, they flung their controls to the wind and responded to it. Love as they say, is the strongest passion after hunger. As a poet has put it, even a lousy dog with his scaly skin peeling off in flakes trails after a bitch. Everybody feels the drive of passion Nobody forms an exception to it. Sex instinct has goaded men to their discomfiture in the end. Sex thoughts have perverted the brains of men to their undoing. But nobody can repress his sex, annihilate this instinct. Sex has ever remained the dominant urge, the ruling passion of men. Sex has created new ties. Sex has filled the thoughts of men. People give a good portion of their time to sex. Sex plays a big role in their lives. They may not have money for all the items of expenditure. They will scrimmage on other things but

they must find money for their sex entertainment. Sex is uncontrollable. Sex has a whipping, lashing force Sex creates bonds between far-flung persons. It forges ties between far-off beings. Love in short is an impelling, driving force in life.

Like others, Webb also had his clandestine affairs.

There on the top of the knoll stood perched the house of Alexandra and her husband Graham. Their eyrie was a solitary breeze-swept place. A winding, zigzaggy serpentine path led up to the house. The house itself was a narrow, constricted, incommodious place where the solitary couple lived in a childless state. No child disturbed the quiet peace of the place. There were no children to cause worry to the parents and upset their mental equilibrium. As a matter of fact, it was a freshly-wed couple. Alexandra was a lady of quality. Her features were regular and her appearance tidy. Her proportionate form and figure caught the notice of Webb who was pierced to his heart at sight of her. Henceforward he was of set purpose to win her.

One night, Graham was departing his place for another on the fringe of the country. He had received a call for interview from the head office of a company. Not content with the scanty salary ot his slight job, he had been casting about for some more remunerative work. They wanted to see him to guage his possibilities

Webb got wind of the matter and sensed in it a God-sent opportunity of visiting the woman of his desire. It is a rare chance one in a hundred, I believe,he said to himself of holding her to my bosom. Sweet dreams he began to dream. Pleasant visions passed before his mind.

To hold myself upto her. To hold upto her in rapture. To embrace her, to be locked up in a fast embrace with her. What a fine circuit, a happy circuit? What a swoonish delight? And to kiss her. The kiss will go over her, cover her, go over the last fibre of her.

She will be wrapped in the kiss, lost in the kiss. To bury into her, to bury into the last depths of her. To exercise myself with her, to gratify myself with her, to satisfy myself with her. Nothing like it. Nothing in heaven, nothing on earth.

Sweet thoughts passed through his brain.

The night of promise came on. Webb was holding his heart in patience. His thoughts ran to Alexandra. The clock was ticking away the minutes. Lascivious fhoughts prayed upon his mind. Minute by minute, the hour petered out but the time of satisfaction was yet far from arriving. It is'nt yet time for the train, he said. It is futile to think that Graham could have yet stirred out of his house. it is shorn of sense to go there at this inpportune moment The time is not yet ripe for it. For that, the hour has not yet sounded, But it is getting difficult to suppress this instinct, becoming impossible to hold it down. And then there is'nt any foresight in it. Alexandra will light her husband out, bolt the door from inside, creep into her sheets and be lost in sleep at once She will not listen to my banging at the door It is more advisable to smuggle into the house of that cove now and lie unsuspected in some dark,dingy place. So saying, he wended to the house of Alexandra. He went up the path of the knoll with a wary step. He treaded the ground with canvas shoes, padding noiselessly along with a soft, subdued step. The rising ascent of the journey and the expectation that hung for its fulfilment, on the departure from home of Graham for his vaulting ambitions, quickened the flow of blood in his veins. Reaching the house, he carefully edged his way to one side and lay under covert. He had seen the house plunged in total darkness. There was no gleam of light from anywhere inside. Speculations ran high in his mind. In it, he found a chance of stealing into the house under cover of the thick blanket of darkness. He rounded the corner

and pacing softly along the wall, reached the door. The door was ajar. It seemed the house-owner had shot off the bolt in anticipation of an early exit He edged in and crept warily under the heavy pall of darkness. His ears were pricked up to catch the slightest stirring of a sound inside the house just as a grub-eating bird can hear the faintest burrowing sound of an insect under the earth. Picking up his steps cautiously under the mantle of gloom, he made his way to a room by first bumping against its wall, then groping along it and finally plunging through the door. Under the cot he took his position, lying in a quiet, prostrate position as if the last breath had passed out of him. But his heart was full of Alexandra. As a snake blindfolded can sense the warmth of a live rat brought in his presence, he too could have felt the warmth of Alexandra in the impenetrable gloom of that place if she chanced to enter there and would have made a stir. His sense had taken on a new edge. A fond desire was incandescent in his heart. His thoughts were centred on the woman of his desire, a longing for her vibrated through his being, animated his breast. Without a quiver, without a tremor, he lay there as if in suspended animation. The inky darkness seemed to have consumed him; the cover that he had taken enveloped him all the more from sight. That sooty blackness had completely encoffined and interred him.

"Curse these lashing rains Never seen such driving rains in my life. They have fused the wires."

Soliloquised Graham as he came feeling his way into the room.

Alexandra was scouring and scrubbing the dishes in the scullery.

He felt for the cot, hurt his shins against it, hitched it a little towards him and stretched himself on it. Mr. Webb now uncovered lay aside the cot. In his pockets Graham fumbled for the match box and the cigar

case. From the depths of his trouser pocket he pulled them out, lit the cigar and began drawing heavily at at it. Counting the passage of time by the ticking of his watch, he lay in a reflective mood puffing heavily at his cigar. As a strand of smoke erratically entered his lungs, he coughed spasmodically, brought out a gob of phlegm and spat it out indifferently which thus fell on the face of Webb His wife addressed some words to him from the adjoining room. He rolled a ball of spittle round his mouth, spat it on the mouth of Webb and proceeded with the answer. Another specimen of his sputum fell on the cheek of Webb. Another on his nose which began to form icicles.

"Now why are you untidying the entire foom, spitting about all over the place." rang out Alexandra's voice in protest.

"If perchance my foot slip on it." she added reflectively. "Now rub it out with your feet." she demanded

And Graham hastened to rub off the surface where he thought the spittle had landed. His foot felt something soft and smooth underneath. At once he lighted up.

"Now you tied up my bed and threw it down over here. Never seen such a slut in my life. The most dowdy woman in town." He fretted

Alexandra amidst the clatter of dishes did not seem to hear all this.

Graham felt for the bedding line and catching hold of the braces of Webb swung him out of the door on the heap of firewood Webb tried much to balance himself in that perchy position but began sliding down and thudded on the floor. Graham. in the grey luminosity of the open sky, preceived dimly a human form and took out after him. He threw a log after Webb which caught him at the back of the head, then chased him down the knoll but could'nt catch him.

Webb was much mutilated and damaged in appearance. He had received bruises and scratches all over

his body, besides a concussion at the back of the head. With abraded flesh and livid spots all over his person, his amorous longings had left him for the nonce. He drew breath and proceeded homeward with quite composed airs as if nothing was the matter. Under the glare of pole lamps, he walked at a brisk pace getting into the whirl of traffic and the stream of people disgorged by the cinemas. Often he would come across a man coming from the opposite direction and in order to give him passage incline to the right, to the left, to the right, to the left, like a man studying his reflection in the mirror.

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BIOGRAPHY VS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A biography pales before an autobiography because of its inherent defect in that it is an attempt by a third person to pen the life happenings of another. Many of the smooth confections turned out by publishers which we read with such absorbed calm before clapping the book to are not biographies in the appropriate sense of the word They contain much frippery and less of a plain, unadorned statement of facts. The biographer is a heroworshipper and goes into raptures and ecstacies and indulges in hyperbole in praise of his hero. The kernel of facts in his possession is slight in comparison with the embroidery that he weaves round it and the decoration that he puts upon it. The net content may be very sparse but he takes up his subject with great gusto and cannot curb an impulse towards style. With much tracery and embellishment of style, he puts forth his matter because he is primarily a craftsman in words and is caught with a desire to exhibit his powers as such. He has conceived a warm affection for his hero and wants to give him a place in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of men. It is his burning desire to see his hero on the mounting wave of popularity. It is his aching desire to see his subject win solid popularity. Therein

lies the fruition of his labours, the crowning of his toils. Howsoever puny therefore the material at his disposal may be, he gives it such a spiciness with his luxuriance of imagination that it grips the attention of the reader and holds him charmed till the last page. Paucity of matter does not weigh much with him because he has a capacious vocabulary to make literary marshmallows, to drape his thought in a rich texture of words and to laud his hero to the skies. They will not let us have a peep into the dark side of his life. They will paint him in such gaudy colours as if he is the ideal of humanity. He will defend his drawbacks and make them look like solid virtues He attempts a rationalisation of his abnormalities with much crooked reasoning and sinuous thought He hedges with truth if there is any. He fences with the facts of his life and gives them a better colouring For this he adopts many dodges and resorts to subterfuges. Very petty excuses he will give in aid of his defence. In every action of his hero's life, he finds a philosophy so that the biography becomes a ponderous book worth reading with tortoise deliberation. It no longer remains a book of light literature. It becomes a heavy book. You cannot read it quickly. You cannot race through it. You have to browse over it. You pencil it heavily and hold it to your heart as a gospel. You sip lessons from it because you think it lights for you the way to be a big man. You cling to it limpet-like and read it and re-read it and wear it to shreds. It becomes your overwhelming favourite and you take to its perusal and reperusal. By copying the example of your hero, you too will be a great man and will be able to lead a more abundant life. Your hero is several cuts above you and can lead you to a finer life. There is no flaw of character in him and he can give you a life of ideal perfection. Such are the thoughts that fill your mind. You are saturated with love for him You are drenched in hero-worship.

But no man is impeccable. None there is who has an unblemished past. Nobody's life is unsullied by sins. Nobody's record is untainted by lapses. A biography should be honest in its attempt. Literature does not grow on praise. It needs the savage and tartarly note, even the astringence of insult A biography should be an essay in ruthless analysis. It's no use cluttering up the market with weighty books that seek to ennoble you and purpose to leave a purgative and cleansing effect on your mind by setting forth before you an untarnished example. The writing of such books does not in any way lead to the development or clarification of sound standards in biography writing. Often such books are superb pieces of journalism but very sickening examples of sensimental adoration.

But in fairness to the biographer it must be admitted that he too labours under a handicap. If he drags down his hero or calumniates him, he is accused of rank jealousy. It is not in keeping with good taste to run down another under the mask of flattering him. It is sheer hypocricy. It is pulling his legs and making a noodle of him. Or it may be considered an attempt to blast his reputation under an assumed honesty. So it is rather indelicate for a biographer to shed light on the odorous acts of his hero. But an autobiography is tagged as a first rate production if the writer therein reveals his total personality, his kinks and twists of conscience, his aberrations and deviations of conduct as much as his invulnerable stand on principle. Such a book is graded as a work of top merit because of the ruthless candour evidenced in it. Its candid self analysis is applauded fiercely and it is classed as a Grade A book. Guaranteed an amount of candidness the writer's dissection of himself is more revealing and enlightening and cannot be surpassed or even matched by any biograhical work even if it pegs up a claim to having been compiled and collated after much sweat and mental toil. A

biographer may assemble his facts with as much prodding and diligence as he pleases, his work cannot hold the candle before an autobiography An autobiography is more searching in its material and marks a greater depth of investigation than a biography for the plain reason that a biographer's knowledge of his hero is not so encyclopaedic as that of the hero himself A biographer is not tied to the apron strings of his hero. His knowledge is of necessity lop-sided aud incomprehensive and lacks the circumspection and fullness of knowledge of which the person sketched holds monopoly. It inheres in the very state of things. More particularly is it true of the mental life of the hero which is more screened from view than the physical. The storms of soul, the stresses of life, the raging and tearing passions, the worries and anxieties biting at his heart, the fears and phobias eating his so l are walled from sight behind an opaque barrier. The currents and cross-currents of thoughts gnawing at the heart, the whirlpools of life, the tornadoes of existence for the disturbance they create within, are best known to the storm-tossed soul. The intents that motivate conduct, the motives that stir the heart to action cannot be so adequately guaged by the biographer, an aloof individual sitting on the fence. And they are the best part of a life story. Man is measured from his motives. When a road-hog tumbles down one man or a car driver squashes to a paste another, it is the intention of the accused that is called in question, it is his motive that is subjected to scrutiny. The fastening of guilt and punishments hangs on this question. A police official may rope in a score of blameless persons every day or a magistrate may gaol twenty guiltless souls daily, he will not be hooked up for misuse of his powers unless his conscience is burdened by thoughts of malice, unless his bonafides are suspect. Intention therefore is the acid test of an act and it is an affair of the heart.

Hence it is that in psycho analysis, the psychoanalyst doctors direct their efforts at supplanting many mental and physical ills by making the patient talk freely according to a free association of ideas and thus finding the cause history of the malady in the uninhibited talk of the patient himself. One's own mind is thus the best record-keeper of his life which has registered events that have passed clean out of the memory of others who have spectacled them. This is one of the counts on which an autobiography is preferable to a biography.

The greatest visions of life were vouchsafed to man in his moments of solitude. Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon sect, discovered the Book of Mormons in a jungle all by himself. If he himself had not given wind of this matter, who else could have known it. Budha saw the light under the Bodhi tree. That light was not discernible to the common eye It did not affect the human retina. Nobody else could have got wind of it if Buddha himself had not let it out. It is needless to descant how it altered the complexion of the globe and bent the whole course of history. Joan of Arc heard voices in the air that spurred her on to reconquer France and deliver it from the yoke of the English. She held commune with spirits. Now all those voices were perfectly inaudible to the common ear and would have made no dent on the common mind. Not a soul would have caught the least breath of it if she herself had not yielded this information either directly or by talking to the spirits and thus throwing hint to others. All the varied phenomena of premonitions, clairvoyance, telepathy are to be classed and categorised as such. All such psychic manifestations are in that realm. They are the individual psychic experience of the person concerned. Crimes unearthed. treasures disinterred, diseases extirpated by knowledge granted through premonitions. Events prognosticated deaths foretold, historical happenings prophesied and future revealed

by premonitory knowledge. Clairvoyance and clairaudience would have been hooted and disbelieved, were it not for the fact that some crumbs of information dropped in them are capable of finding corroborative evidence in the given facts of life and for sundry other phenomena as that of levitation, psychic photography, rapping of tables, moving of furniture, spirit writing, writing between sealed and locked slates and passing of household articles through opaque matter and walls. Telepathy registers impressions and ideas received by one mind or voluntarily projected on to his mind by another. Impressions thus derived in thought transference would not fetch belief if they are not seconded by an enquiry at the other end.

It boils down to this that one's mind is the receptacle that has best treasured the memory of one's past record It is high time now that we should kick over this biography fare in favour of autobiographies. The world can wag on quite well without biographies. A biography contains some slop about the hero that does not in any way touch the fringe of reality while an autobiography is the expression ef a passionate memory. Times have already come when biographies are suffering a diminution of popularity. No longer their prestige remains undimmed No longer are they devoured with such consummate zeal. No longer the bibliomaniacs craze after them. No more the booklovers fiercely cling to them No more the bookdealers flaunt their jackets in the shop windows. Bookbuyers are now turning attention to autobiographies which are henceforth becoming their overwhelming favourites. Their attention is rivetted to the first person narrative as the eye of the cinema fan is glued to the film being unrolled before him. They are gobbled up with great earnestness and avidity. This ground swell of interest in autobiographies has influenced their sales very sharply. Their vogue has so much increased that they seem to have glutted the book market. So much so

that quite incnosequential persons have started penning their autobiographies. Seeing this situation, surprise fairly leapt at a writer and he exclaimed, "why do people regard turning the age of 35 years an revent of pivotal significance so that they embark upon witing a nautobiography." Anyhow it shows the great vogue of autobiographies.

It seems that we are in luck's way because we have been able to snatch a scoop of the life events of F . C . Webb by hitting upon his autobiography. A perusal of these autobiographical records will strike a conviction in every heart that we have effected a scoop of rare value. But this is not an unalloyed pleasure. It is shot with regret in that these records are fragmentary. They form a broken narrative. Somebody had nibbled away the most interesting pages. It is a gripping narrative but would have been more so with the addition of these pages. It gives fine morals, elevating philosophy, deep psychological insight and rare gems from science and knowledge. It raises the morals, sharpens the intellect and makes you a whole man. It leads you along the path of perfectibility. It gives golden counsel, forms your mind and uplifts the character. Quite a fund of priceless ideas it contains and a store of useful knowledge. Without doing time in prefatory remarks and holding up the reader from the real feast, we will give some selected pearls in the following pages. They have been detached from the context which, on account of the missing sheets does not form a continuous and sustained narrative with an uninterrupted flow.

THB AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF F. C. WEBB.

In my birth, there was a blend of the East and the West. Two distinct species had joined hands to bring

me into the world. My father was an Indian but he was entwined with an English lady and the fruit of their union appeared in me. I don't know what is the Linnæan word for my species but in common parlance they call it Anglo-Indian. Others call it mullato. It is a well-founded principle of science that for improvement of stock and evolutional value, there is nothing like inter breeding and that principle was adhered to in my production. One day a fear sprouted in my soul that a mule which is a cross between a mare aud a donkey does not produce any offspring and thus leaves no trace of himself. Likewise a hen which is the result of mating between a cock and a hen of different species in two or three generations will lay a gleaming, round. large egg, holding the promise of a big chicken. You set it under a broody hen and lie in wait for the chicken to peck its way round out of the shell. After three weeks wait, you are disappointed to find that no chick comes out. The conviction grew in me that I too being a cross may leave no trace behind. So I was spurred on with a desire to leave some trace behind of my terrestrial existence. Egged on by this desire, I have embarked on this autobiography to set forth in plain language an account of my life and teachings. It will give more light than the example and teachings of many so-called illumined preceptors that the earth has hitherto spawned. The absorbing narrative of my life will, I hope, hold the hearts of the readers and gladden their souls.

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Money is the gist of life. Money moves mountains. Money makes miracles. This whole universe gravitates round money. The entire globe centres round money. Money engrosses the thoughts of men. Money fills their minds. Money is the drive for every action. Money

provides the impulse for an act. Money exercises a profound leverage over men. They are goaded to an act by the promise of money. Money stirs their impulse Money awakens their efforts. Money provides the momentum for an act. Money makes the mare go. Money vitalises every effort. Money energises every act. Money is the touch spring for every action. Man of low extraction can be catapulted to the highest position in life with the aid of money. Money is the greatest thaumaturge in life. Money is the greatest wonder worker. It can perform a complete metamorphosis of man. Everything rotates round money. With money you can turn anybody round your little finger. Money is the locus point of man's movements. All his acts and movements have pertinence only in that respect and bear significance only in that connection.

Money is a swaying force in life. It alters the face of world events and makes and mars history. All the clashings and smashing of heads, battered brains and torn bodies, cheating, chicanery and fraud, all entirely for money. All the duals, squabbles and scuffles, conflicts and combats, leaping at the throat, plucking out the eyes are solely for money. All the tussle, lashing and whipping, pummelling of heads and pounding of bodies are done for money. Giving the black eye, digging the nails into the body of the other and pinching of flesh are carried out for money. One is clawing at the face of the other, tweaking his beard, tearing and tugging at his hair and punching him, for money. One is muffing and cuffing the other, stringing him up and smothering the breath out of him, simply for money One is beating the other to a pulp and crushing the marrow in his bones only for money. Another is bumping his head against him, digging into his ribs, twisting and twirling and rinsing the life out of him. Another is mashing and making a mincemeat of him. Another is blowing him up to atoms.

All that is being done in the name of money. All is being inspired by a desire for money.

All the oppression, persecution and tyranny inflicted on its victims for the sake of money. All the hardheratedness, callousness, apathy were generated by the greed for money. All the aloofness, indifference, and want of sympathy for sufferings of others were engendered by the attachment for money. All the bickerings and bitterness and sourness of feelings were created by this tug for money. All the conflict and chaos, struggle and strife, tumult and turmoil were produced by this bid for money. Old-est blished attachments thrown to the winds, bonds severed, families torn asunder on the question of money. Blood ties were cut off, well-cemented friendships were torn apart, old connections were sundered for considerations of money. Broken hearts and disappointed loves resulted from lack of money. Projects were abandoned, schemes fell through, plans ended in smoke through shortage of finances. Causes were espoused, campaigns for their spread were set in full blast, whirlwind propaganda carried on and ultimately those causes were won solely with the aid of money. Forces were raised, armies mobilised, military campaigns conducted and victories encompassed, all with the help of money. Diseases rooted out, cures effected and death staved off all through the grace of money.

Money is the foundation of life. Man's physical wants can be ministered to only with money, Hunger is warded off, thirst is satiated if oue is in possession of money All the delicacies of taste and flavour are at your beck and call if your purse is full. All the savoury and flavoury dishes, all the piquant preparations are yours for money. All the transporting liquors, all the heady wines and all the brimming cups can be had for money. All the saucy, spicy dishes which make the mouth water, can be obtained wifh money. All the

honied puddings and all the sugary sweets which make the mouth salivate are at your table for money. All the appetising and all the palatable meals which can excite the drooping taste are before you for money. All the tasteful foods which will make even a queasy stomach wish for them can be purchased with money. All the flavorous niceties made by master chefs which will release the gastric juices of even a sickly stomach are in your hands for money. All the rich variety of specimens of the culinary art that appeal so strongly to the gustatory nerves can be got for money. The bubbling, effervescing drinks which intoxicate you, transport you to a new world are always at your lips if your money bag has the purchasing power to do so. The beverages and soft drinks that cool you and remove your brain fag and dispel your physical fatigue and calm and quieten you are forthcoming on payment. The comforts of life, the joys of existence are accessible with money.

Be it summer, be it winter, the inclemencies of weather have their sting on the poor man. The rigours of the climate mean no evil augury for the rich. They tell upon the poor only who cannot even as much as improvise against them. When the poor is feeling the chill and shaking blasts of a wild and howling wind in the bleak aud wintry night and is cowering over a haggard, sickly fire to get a poor fraction of the warmth of life, the rich is wrapped up in shawls on a cushy, springy bed, with electric heaters and steam pipes warming his room. When the poor is plodding his daily task in the sweltering heat of a searing, scorching sun, with perspiration dripping down his face and streaming down his body; the rich is sprawling leisurely in the cool and gentle wind stirred by the electric fan and the light puffs wafted in from outside. The poor goes about covered in rags and tattered clothes while the rich moves in state swathed in the choicest finery. The clothes

of the poor man's wife have worn to shreds and tatters. The rich man's is draped in sumptuous garments adorned with frills and laces. In the freezing cold and cramping, sub-zero weather, the poor man has no option but to try to ward off cold by wrapping round himself pieces of gunny bag whereas the monied man feels snug and cosy in a dress of mercerised wool. The poor man appears so queer and funny in ill-fitting or loosely hanging clothes while the man of means looks so smart and top notch in a perfectly tailored dress. The clothes of the poor are bursting at the seams or clammily hanging on to him while the clothes of the well-off have a grace of line and colour.

The luxuries of life, the amenities of existence are obtainable only with money.

Those glamorous girls! You can fold them to your breast if you can show them the glitter of money. Those stabbing girls! You can have them in your lap if you can give them the jingle of coin. Those girls of ripping beauty who stab the heart with their murderous looks, are entirely yours for money. Those girls of budding beauty, blooming youth will readily come into your arms if you have money to provide them with all comforts. Men who have money enough on which they can live in comfort, have time enough to pursue the shapely girls for whom they have taken a fancy and then there comes a time when they pass some sweet moments with them. The poor multitude whose hours are lost in earning their bread, have no time to pursue the girls who have tickled their fancy, The sole problem that absorbs their total time and attention, is to eke out their livelihood. From this absorbing problem, no spare moments are left in which to pursue these hobbies. Theirs is a purely vegetative existence in which the refinements of love cannot find a place. The problem that monopolises their entire attention is that of getting

two square meals a day. How can love making enter into their thoughts. Their consuming, carking care, their corroding anxiety is to prop up their earthly existence and extend the term of their life by averting a collapse to starvation. Their life has been undermined by pinching poverty. Its foundations have been sapped by cramping poverty. Amorous thoughts cannot steal into his heart. In such a sucked existence, thoughts of love cannot sprout and flourish. They cannot find expression there. Poverty confines the heart, kills the spirit and prevents an expansion of the soul. A crabbed life of this kind does not grow to maturity. Such a drooping spirit does not kindle to warmth at the thought of love. The prospect before it is bleak and blank. A man of this description is weighed down by his nothingness so that all the visions of a gay life are blotted out from his sight. His grinding poverty leaves him no time to dally and make merry. Sporting with girls is a pastime of money. The poor man's slender purse is a bar to his enjoyment of sex life. Sexual entertainment is not within the reach of a man of slight purse. Sex delights are not meant for a man of thin purse. For him are not the nights of revel; not for him to hug the damsels. Those girls of bluish eyes, a rich and white complexion, a golden floss of hair are not for him to get. He feels a belly ache of love, a sickening at the pit of his stomach but holds his heart in patience. Their liquid beauty, their intoxicating madness make him uneasy. His heart is perturbed and restless. He knows no peace. But ultimately he settles down to his dull and drab work, the humdrum routine of life, his heart having never known the satiation of its desire. His flaming passions die down with the trickling of time, having never known their consummation. Once maddened with desire, he ultimately surrenders himself to his fate and is resigned to his lot. He cannot show the lure of lucre that captures the young maiden. The pleasures of sex are

not for him because he cannot pay for them. In the end he will be content to embrace an old hag.

A rich man knows the satiety of his burning desires. His overflowing purse can bring from the ends of the earth, the things of his heart. Those gushing girls that steal the hearts of youths, are his for the asking. They respond to his call or the faintest beckon from him. They deem themselves in the thick of luck if he sets eye on them. They are in clover if a man with a swollen purse chooses to pick them up. Their clean-cut features and their tidy appearance are only waiting to be paid for. The rich man is rolling in luxury, is in the arms of lush girls whose electric touch throws into a rapturous ecstacy, transports with delight. A captive in their ambient arms, he is swooning with delight, he gets the core of heavenly bliss, is in the throes of joy. He is utterly lost! Those swell girls take to those who are rolling in wealth. Just as the viands of the East and the West, the robes of the Orient and the Occident minister to the comforts of the rich, so the maids of all the continents are answerable to the call of the wealthy man, will respond to his leering suggestions and will experience a thrill of delight if he blows them a kiss. Show her any maiden. He will just whistle to her and give her a sly wink and she will rush into his arms, cling to his breast and be all his own.

What is the stock-in-trade of a woman? It is her handsome looks. What is the totality of her possessions? It is her attractive face and her fair looks. It is the only marketable thing with her. One has only to be free with his money if he wants to take her. A curmudgeon can never hope to have a time with her. One has to be open-handed and willing to spend money like water if he wishes to plunder her. A stingy person has not it in his luck to pass his hours with her. Here one has to squander money right and left, with an openness of heart

that will baffle description. In keeping a woman in concubinage or in a connubial connection, one cannot stint money or sit tight upon his money. Niggardliness will not serve the purpose here.

And finally, there is the field of fame which is the last infirmity of noble minds. One may smother his wishes, abnegate his desires, deny himself the comforts of a terrestrial life, annihilate his sex and do away with the inclination to pass a soft, pleasureable life. He may have a stern, stoical turn of mind and a staunch stand by that ideal. He may lead a rigid life of iron discipline, austere morality and severe self control. He will beat down his natural impulses, crush his instincts and stiffle his yearnings. He may check the flow of his emotions, curb his leanings and obliterate his proclivities. He may sidetrack the realisation of his desires, shelve the fulfilment of his urges and shunt out his wayward wishes. But all this he does to make a name in pursuance of an ideal, in championing a cause, in ennobling his life and improving his prospects in the next world. To achieve spotless fame is the goal that he has fixed for himself. That his name may survive when the ashes of others are not found floating in the air is the desire that animates his breast, is what he prays for with every breath. To him, his name is dearer than aught else in life. He can bear an eclipse of fortune but he cannot suffer a decline in his reputation. That to him is unthinkable. At such a thought he shudders. That his reputation may soar is nearer to his breast than anything else in life. Too much concern with material well-being he views as the cause of the decline of civilisation, the arrest of human progress and the galloping consumption of the human race. This world advances by new ideas, daring concepts, and initiative energy. Expansion of the mind in the conception of brand new ideas and projects is the greatest factor for pushing on civilisation. As such this world keeps green the memory of those who led her into new realms of life and thought. This world enshrines

the memory of its original thinkers, be it in science, art, politics or philosophy. We can step up progress only by newness, creativeness, inventiveness. Civilisation strides along only with the birth of new ideas. Countless millions perished leaving no trace behind, who were good enough in parroting the knowledge gained from books and parading it with great fondness. This world sanctifies the memory of its illustrious dead who had a streak of originality in them. When a list of its great men is constructed, they are at the top who sounded an original note of any kind. Fame is thus the preserve of original minds. An original mind is styled a genius.

But how does this genius operate? A genius, as an observer himself a genius, has remarked, is ninety nine percent perspiration and one percent inspiration. A spark of originality lends light to a whole mass of dull, insipid drudgery and toil. It's all hackwork and mental boredom with a flash of genius lighting up the whole murky heap. An acquisition of knowledge made through long, laborious years is illumined by the flame of genius and metamorphosed into an utterly new thing. All that knowledge is acquired in the usual waythrough the usual channels, whether it be science, art, literature, politics, philosophy or religion. It entails the expenditure of a decent fortune. A handsome capital is required to be spent on it. Without this education, every genius that the world has acclaimed, would have been a simple country yokel. Many a yahoo would have been a genius, given the necessary facilities, is a truth that sparkles with equal clearness. Money is thus sorely needed for the unfoldment of a genius. Money is a necessary aid in the manifestation of genius.

Take up philosophy first. Philosophers were always the greatest cranks and misfits who could never fit into any job or position for gaining their bread. Always racking their brains on the best means to regenerate mankind, they were never able to win their bread

probably because they could do so only in a universe ordered according to their design. To take cognition of a wide sweep of facts and apply their wits to finding a universal law therin, is a stupendous task confronted with which the philosopher has little time to set his mind to anything else. A philosopher should have money enough to live upon so that he can give his untrammelled attention to a zealous pursuit of his objective. A cushy, cosy state only lends to this kind of dreamy life. Sweet visions of a universe planned according to their theories and beating to life according to their ideas is the chief preoccupation of a philosopher. Once he has sketched his theories and formulated his ideas, he is devilishly busy canvassing public opinion in his favour. Recogniti n comes late. One has to swim against the flood tide of time. One has to combat the current thought, prevail against the wind. Recognition is a much coveted prize that does not fall into tne lap unsought for. Recognition has to be striven for. One has to strain every nerve to obtain recogaition. Recognition does not grow on trees to be plucked at will. One has to strain his faculties to win recognition. One finds himself pitted against by insensate prejudices, burning jealousies, smouldering rancours and bitter rivalries all of which he has to combat and vanquish. He has to liquidate senseless prejudices and modify public opinion in the teeth of opposition. Till that sweet moment arrives, he has to live upon his hoards. A philosopher's speculations may have no practical value, a practical man in the whirl of life has no time to give to his idle cobwebs of thought and may have no brain acute enough to follow the labyrinth of his arguments. As such the philosopher lies in a nook of oblivion and gets scanty notice. Very few people are narcotised by his philosophy. Only the literary drudges are descanting on the web and woof of his thought.

Or take again Politics. Politics is a game of money. Before the day dawns that one can find himself holding

a seat in parliament, what a generous amount of money he had to spend on that acquisition and that too without the least guarantee of getting it. All that he strives for only assured by his own hopes. And what a preparatory period he has to pass therefor! He keeps on to his political views and exerts for their spread buoyed up by the hope that his views will ultimately gain the mastery of men's minds and possess their souls.

But Politics gives a transitory fame. Political principles serviceable at one time are dud in the changed conditions of life of another time. Politics is just muddling through and making progress through the difficulties that beset our path. Politics makes shift to meet the exigencies of a situation. Time corrodes everything. Old institutions become rusty and outmoded. Inertia sets in them. They do not work. Their machinery becomes time-clogged. People no longer wish to retain the inconvenient memory of those who set them in operation. New masters are required to meet the new demands. Old ones are forgotten Others step into their shoes.

Politics dabbles in future. It has an eye on the future. It anticipates future results. Future is so uncertain, illusory and hazy. It eludes the grasp. Dabblings in the misty future do not always yield expected results. It belies estimates. What one has set his hopes upon, is often not achieved. People rest their hopes on their leader to secure certain ends but to their chagrin never see the sight of them. Masses often went into hysteria over a particular idea but saw the end of their efforts in bitter disenchantment. Mobs passed through convulsions of frenzy to the appeal of an idea but ultimately met with sour disillusionment. People were obsessed by the fascination of a thought but were weighed down by crushing disappointment. There is no certitude about future events. Futurity is wrapped up in a mist of uncertainty. Our leader makes a calculation of some pros and cons and figures out a clever way for his

followers but who knows of the bolt from the blues His prognosis does not come true. His calculations prove unfaithful. In the pages of history, how many figures we find whose fame zoomed up in the sky but whose career ended in ignominy? Once there was a time in their life when the whole country was ringing with their name. Then there comes a time when nobody gives the least thought to them. They are hooted out, pooh poohed and scorned. If they rise to address a gathering, people boo and baa at them. There have been leaders of nations who could twist anybody round their finger, to whose word of command every heart in the nation beat but their fall was as instantaneous and their life was snapped either by an assasin or by their own hands.

So the fame of politics is insubstantial and hollow. It is spurious and chimerical for another reason too.

Politics is based on emotions. Emotional reactions enter very largely into politics. The interplay of emotions is the net content of politics. Emotional reaction cannot be easily surmised. What will be the form and intensity of emotion with which the other man will respond to your act is not easily conjecturable. There have been doodles in politics who have been showering their attentions on other communities to the handicap of their own. Those communities made a rich repast, bamboozling all such leaders. They harvested the prospect, giving cold shoulder in the end to all such dupes of leaders.

So the fame of politics is impermanent, shadowy and showy.

Science and literature alone give everlasting, never-fading fame. Besides they give unsullied and untarnished fame. There are no revilers in that field. There are no opponents to besmirch the name of a scientist except

those few who are yet unconvinced of his discoveries. They gradually dwindle in number and ultimately vanish with a proper testing and experimenting of his findings. The results of his labours are publicised widely enough to form the common heritage of mankind. But a scientist too needs a fully equipped laboratory at the expense of an enormous capital. Yet how many attempts are foiled, how many efforts blasted, how many researches baffled and for that how many fortunes dry up, the history of alchemy alone will show. What a barren waste of expense was the attempt to discover a substance that could convert base metals into gold. Again what vast fortunes are drained to the last penny in conducting scientific experiments, the history of atomic research will indicate. Things get going only with money.

Authors, of all, feel a dire need of money. The grubbing writer boning in his labour of love feels the acutest want of money. He is vocation-struck. For carrying on his task unhampered by the troublesome effects of poverty, he needs a store of money. Paling in his task and working to his bones, where is the time for him to win his bread? Recognition has not yet come to him because he is not well started on his path. Many rising authors were crippled by stringent circumstances. Many budding writers were disabled by lack of funds. A particular instance crops up in my memory. It is that of an American writer of some finely etched novels. Although he made millions with his novels in later life but see his stony luck in the beginning. When he showed the typescipt of his first novel to various publishers none of them undertook to print it. So it went to the dust bin. Then he followed it up by another. It went to the scrap heap. Broken hearted he came out of an office and dashed his head against the lamp pole. His third novel he showed to an editor who passed it on to his wife, himself grudging the time to be given to it. Because his wife immensely liked it, he agreed to bring

it out. This encouragement winged his efforts and established him as a writer. Every writer has to contend with the neglect allotted to him in the beginning. He has to live upon his means to pass through this initial stage of dark oblivion. Another instance shoots up in my memory. An English novelist whose detective thrillers were the best sellers of the time and who made an immense fortune with his books, sold his first novel for £.45 though afterwards millions of its copies were sold. A writer has to fight on against his own anonymity and keep to his task with his own resources till he has emerged from obscurity and is in a boom of publicity. Financial embarrassments do not allow free rein to the intellectual faculties. Pecuniary disabilities do not give full scope to the brain capacity. Without a smooth uninterrupted flow of money into the pockets, literary work cannot be executed. How many writers in order to be rid of money anxiety got into financial entanglements that took away a major portion of their time. So many writers found their time slipping away in monetary involvements and their energy frittered away in straightening their finances. Such a hampered genius cannot evenly carry on his task. How many talents foundered on the rock of hard times? How many a genius run to seed for want of adequate upbringing? A writer in indigent circumstances writes for money. He writes cheap tripe which appeals to the vulgar taste and can be easily understood by the common multitude. Such literature is short-lived and perishable in interest. Such a writer is plying his wits for a living. He cannot afford to devote time enough to produce something from the depths of his brain, something that mesmerises us. A soul denuded with cares and anxieties loses its freshness and vividness of imagination. The prospect of the world that is outspread before his eyes does not imprint a very

strong impression on his mind which is too preoccupied with the problem of keeping body and soul together. Such a mind has no time to dwell on world happenings and experience the same intensity of emotion as a mind unencumbered by monetary anxieties. In the writings of such a soul we don't find the same throb of emotion, the swell of passion that is evident in the outpourings of a free, unfettered mind.

A mind untrammelled by thoughts of money flows out in an exuberance of emotion. A soul unshackled by financial anxieties pours itself out in a gush of passion. We are simply lost in gap-mouthed wonder. It fetches from the public salvos of approbation

A critic has well observed that a best selling novel is always the least specimen of art. A man of slender means always writes with an eye for money. The work of such a writer has no depth in it. It panders to the popular taste. It pampers vulgar sentiments. There is no artistic merit in it. There is no such merit in it at the sight of which an unbluffable eye will kindle.

It is thus not difficult to estimate the importance of money. Money is the pith of life. Without money, life is gall and bitterness. Money sweetens life. Devoid of money, life is insipid, juiceless, tasteless. Money makes life juicy and succulent.

When so much has been said about the charms of money, how many people there are who know how to make money. People don't know where to tap for money. People don't know where to look for money. They don't seem to know where to hunt for riches. They are not aware how to scrape up money. They have no idea where to fish for money. They don't know whom to touch for money. They have little

knowledge as to where to scratch for money. Their poor imagination does not help them in locating money. Their tiny brains give them no guidance as to how to spot for money. Their impoverished intellects give them no suggestion as to where to net for money. Their atrophied talents afford them not a hint as to where to cast for money. Their wasted brains do not help them in sounding for money.

" Opportunities come in the life of everybody but many people cannot avail of them. Success in life depends upon seizing an opportunity when it offers itself." Thus observed a Prime Minister of England.

" Opportunities for making money and enriching his possessions throw themselves in the way of everybody but people cannot grab them. Opportunities for augmenting one's store fall in the way of everybody but they do not catch them. People bemoan their lot for their fallen state but they do not know that the blame lies squarely on them. It is they who neglect the chances strewn across their path. They are too lackadaisical. They always bewail their hard luck and the evil times that do not know their worth. They are fatalists. They think that life has been so ordained for them. They curse the destiny that shadows them in life. They abuse the wicked fate that dogs their steps. They think that it is destiny working itself out. They revile the ill fate that pursues them at every step; that they cannot dodge. Alas! Who is there to tell them that there is money in plenty if they can explore for it. Money there is in everything only we have to milk it. Money there is in every situation only we have to exploit it. Money there is everywhere only we have to lay on to it. Opportunities offer themselves at every step we have but to capture them. Life is teeming with chances but we do not grip them. There are fish in every water but we do not hook them. Opportunities are scattered all over, we have only to bag them.

One fine afternoon, I took out my car for driving and started along the road. I was going at a mild speed. Sometimes I accelerated it, sometimes I slowed down. I was out for an airing. At places there was a straggling stream of people through which my car wove its way. At spots there was a thick crowd that clove before my arrival. Sometimes people lined up aside my car till I had fairly passed on. The clamour of people, the chaffer of the customers and the din of traffic were steadily pouring into my ears. My car bounded along the road at a fair speed. It slowed and slithered off again. I was in a happy frame of mind. The crowds parted before my arrival. Sometime I slowed down almost to halting point, then skipped off again. At the hooting of the horn, people fell apart. A solitary pedestrian wearily picking up his steps seemed pulled up at the blaring of the horn. A thin line of people trickled into and out of the shops. A comparatively bigger crowd was vomitted forth from the market places. When the horn sounded, a man or two stepped aside on to the kerb. The pedlars and costermongers were plying their cheap trade of trash and trinkets, junk, gewgaw and bauble. Often a whiff of wind freshened up the spirits. A car came from the opposite direction. I swerved aside and very narrowly escaped collision. Another car coming from behind made a spurt to by pass my car and in a blinding flash went away bowling along the road.

My car went skating along the road for a distance, then began to slow down automatically. It proceeded apace with a diminished speed for a short while, then jerked up to a sudden halt. Evidently something had snapped inside.

Nothing much was the matter. I just tinkered a little with this and that and it was all right. Only it required a little pushing before it would start again. If ten or twelve persons would just make it run a few yards on

the road, it would be able to proceed again. I looked about to get together a few men who could render me some aid for a few coins. A man passed by wrapped up in a blanket to shelter him from the creeping cold of the evening. He readily agreed, took off his blanket, put it in my car and waited for some people to collect to lend their shoulder to this task. Another came up dressed in a very impressive looking ulster. He too showed willingness to descend to the task and in order to brace himself upto it, he removed his cumbersome chester and put it in the car. Another came along and stood by in wait for some more to assemble. Presently a bunch of a dozen persons gathered on the spot, to join hands in this mighty piece of work. Some of them were munching cakes and pastry, some others were crunching snacks and biscuits. They all put them in the car in order to free their hands. Then all gave a mighty push and the car moved a little. Some of them found the smooth metalled road too slippery for their feet. They removed their shoes and put them in the car to gain a good foothold of the ground for an effective push. Then they gave a heavy push again, straining the last fibre of their being. The engine exploded and chuff chuffed. The car jerked forward a little with its own motion. They continued the push while I was at the stearing wheel. The engine hummed and whirred. The car gained motion and I skidded off, leaving those boobs tumbling on the roadside one over the other.

I pulled up before my house and brought out all that collection of shoes and stockings, blankets, shawls and overcoats, snacks and cakes and biscuits which my wife considered as quite a big haul for the day.

War and peace! What torrents of speeches have we heard about it? What a torrential flow of words has fallen into our ears concerning it? What mammoth volumes have been written on it. How many pages have been blackened in describing its crippling effects?

See the prostration left by war in its trail! See the exhaustion of war-torn countries! See the devastation of war-wrought lands, the financial decrepitude of war-denuded areas! A description of the horrors of war freezes the blood, paralyses the limbs. The condition of war-swept soils stuns the imagination, benumbs the faculties. Corpses lying in heaps without a decent burial, their eyes starting out of sockets, the hair coming off, the skin detached and the body in a state of dissolution, these are the prizes of war. Utter financial nakedness so much so that in one country, dlack dress has become a sign of prostitution because it was a profession originally practised by those who were widowed during the war, is the booty of war. Naked bones and skeletons strewn all over the land, the flesh having been consumed by s prophytes, such is the aftermath of war. Carnage, pillage and ravage are the concomitants of war.

Peace therefore naturally becomes very covetable. Promotion of peace is therefore incumbent on everybody On every side, we see what forceful exhortations, what powerful persuasions are used to foster peace. Every day we find whaf oily expressions and glib-tongued phrases are used in preaching peace. The importance of fraternisation is recognised in all hands and need not be heavily pencilled. Only amity and concord contribute to a smooth functioning of the universe. Harmony should be the endeavour of humanity. It is too easily admitted and need not be heavily stressed. Strenuous efforts are made to achieve unity. There are Peace Conferences, delimitation of armaments and the glitter of the Nobel Prize for peace to lash a man to make herculean efforts for paving friendly relations in the world.

But peace how difficult it is often felt to achieve, how difficult is it to bring about peace between two persons or nations and to banish friction and disharmony.

How difficult is it to bring together two rankling hearts to establish accord between them. What protracted negotiations, what whittling down and pushing up of terms and conditions and adjustment of demands it entails. What petty stipulations are made to come to an agreement with another.

Alas who could tell them that no stipulations are needed to make up with another. There should be a free flow of heart in magnanimity to another and the otner will respond. It cannot but be otherwise. Heart beats to heart. There is a telepathic communication between two souls. If you love a person, it will strike a chord in his heart in tune with your sentiments towards him. It will kindle in his heart a love for you. It will awaken a desire for you. So the best means to win another man's heart is to love him, to indicate your appreciation of him and do someth ng to please him and he will be in the palm of your hand.

The annual races came on. They came to be held in the stadium. The size of the stadium takes the heart out of one. It was thickly lined with spectators all around. Vast crowds had deluged the gallery. Those who could not afford the entry tickets were perched on the branches of trees fringing the palisade of the stadium. Those inside were densely crowded or jammed together. First class ticket holders had a convenient vantage point. Microphones had been installed to make announcements audible. At once the Secretary stepped forth and a hushed silence fell upon the spectators and the hubbub subsided. The Secretary's voice rolled forth to call out the names of the runners. All the sprinters had been picked out and stood drawn up in a line. The course of the race ran in a circle inside the stadium. Hurdles had been placed along its path.

As the whistle was given, the runners broke forth at break-neck speed.

I had come from home equipped with a camera to snap the best runner the moment he breasts the tape and give his picture in the papers to cheer him up. I planted the camera some half a dozen yards beyond the tape and bided my time to click.

The runners emitting puffs of breath in a furious race to outdistance each other, were going round the race-course jumping over hurdles and sprinting across the level path straining their muscles to the utmost. Shouts of " Buck up, buck up " punctuated the interval. Sometimes a runner in the rear exacted his muscular strength and came up in the front, leaving his rival behind. At this shouts of "Buck up, buck up" greeted his effort. Another made a supreme effort of will, taxed his strength and came up in the forefront. At this fresh applause burst forth from the gallery. Somebody in the absolute rear made a dashing effort of energy and left behind half a dozen of his number. At this there issued a thunderous applause. About the results, tense suspense hung in the air.

At last, the runners were heading for the tape. They seemed to be running in the direction of the tape. There was one man particularly abreast of others. He was a good distance ahead of others and there could be no question of anybody else coming up near him. He was nearing the tape, running on at a lightning speed. I was full of genuine admiration for him. I adjusted my camera in front of him to get his full face and put my head into the camera cloth to snap him as he breasts the tape. On he came, straight on he came, snapped the tape, rushed on for me with unchecked speed and was all over me, full length, breast to breast, in a hearty embrace, minding not the camera that went to splinters.

In that instant, before the entire public, he was mine and I was his.

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Life passed pretty smoothly. I had now a throngful of children whose rollicking sports kept the house in a state of roaring fun. The house ran on in a pleasant manner although there were sudden squalls that disturbed its gay tenor and ruffled its pleasant atmosphere. Sometimes some family trouble corroded the heart. Fluctuations of fortune too disturbed the even tenor of life and changed the drab monotony. In all respects, it was a normal household.

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I felt dull and heavy-limbed in that langorous afternoon. I just strolled into the next room to shake off my lethargy. There I found a basin holding some wine-like liquid of golden yellow colour. It was slightly warm too. My wife has made some tea for the house. So I thought and took it to the next room. The milk-jug in the cup-board contained some milk and the sugar-pot enough of sugar. I laid all three on the table and began to prepare my tea. First I poured some tea from the basin into the cup, then added some spoonfuls of sugar to it, stirred it briskly, then poured some creamy white milk over it and stirred it again, making some fine tea of biscuit colour. I took a sip. It was very sweet with a slightly saltish taste in it. Evidently my wife had put a pinch of salt in it to give it a crisp taste. Three hearty cups it made -- that tea. It left a pleasant tang on the tongue.

Immediately my wife came running from the next room. "You have drunk Tneresa's urine. I was keeping it for

the doctor."Her voice rang out in the room.

And I was flabbergasted.

Upto this time, I am puzzled to know whether I really drank urine that day or my wife was simply jesting,

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My car stood garaged for a long while. My mind was stagnating. It needed a little enlivening and freshening up. I thought of an outing. Perhaps a little vigorous driving might restore the springiness and buoyancy of my mind Unlocking the garage, I took out the car and vigorously turned the handle. The engine roared. I sat in the car. The engine was throbbing. I pressed the self starter and the car got going. It began racing along the road. Winding its way, it left the edges of the town behind. It went on racing along the road, through straggling houses and leafy trees. I pressed the accelerator and it gained in speed. I felt a keen delight in observing the swiftly passing panorama of travel. The car went bouncing along the road. The trees and houses streamed past on both sides in an indistinguishable blur. Then suddenly the car stumbled on something and I was flung out and went rolling and rolling and spinning and spinning along the road.....

After that I only remember that people stood watching the progress of a meteor through the sky.

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

THE cartman viewed at his cart with disconcert. It was too heavily loaded. He shuddered to push it along. He winced at the effort. His heart constricted. A chill ran down his spine.

Then suddenly he remembered, "God helps those who help themselves."

He put his hands against the cart and applied his might and main to push it anon. The cart began to move and was rolling along the road with the cartman running at it behind. Then suddenly a squall of wind blew and carried along the cart. The cartman fell heavily on the road bruising his nose and knees, scraping his elbows and twisting his ankle. He looked all around, gathered his wits together and managed to get on his feet. "O God! Finely you have helped me. You have carried along my cart but left me limping here on the roadside." He exclaimed.

AND SO WE JOINED THE ARMY

THOSE were the days of educated unemployment when I graduated and was let loose upon the world. Literacy had spread wide and abroad and there was a plethora of graduates cast adrift upon the world to fend for themselves. Unemployment was in the air. The air was thick with it. There was plenty of manual or menial work to which a graduate could not lay hands either because it did not square up with his conceptions of dignity or because his early training ill equipped him to tackle this kind of rugged work. It was too tough for his nerves and muscles. The physical strain of such a hard, muscular work he could ill afford to bear. It made him tired and fagged; his muscles began to ache. Office work howsoever lean the salary attached to it, was deemed to be a more venerable task than course manual work fetching rich emoluments. But there was a paucity of office jobs and a rich abundance of literate people to hold them. Every year the universities would turn loose upon the world graduates in an abundant profusion to daze the best brains of the country as to how to accommodate them. They ran their shiftless lives, hanging on to their parents for subsistence. Their education brought them nothing but refined manners, a polished style, a burr in speech and a costly way of living. Time lay heavy on their hands and they felt deathly weary. A rot was setting in their lives and nothing could hem in its advance.

In such evil times was I cast afloat on the world. A feeling of nausea filled me. I was jobless for a long time. The ennui of it was intolerable A workless man does not get sound sleep. Long days alternated with weary nights and there was nothing to change the uniform monotony of my life. Using my time was a matter

to which I gave my pointed attention. I ran my mind on the various ways of employing my time in a way to beguile my mind, remove the sickening boredom of an idle life and provide some fruitful occupation. If salaried posts were not forthcoming, there were plenty of other vocations and professions which give a colourful variety to this world. I must set about something for profitably filling my idle hours. Some pushful project for rolling in money, some schematic plan for scooping money. I must start something to make some good money. The thought constantly hammered on my mind.

One day, in passing, my eyes alighted on a second-hand book lying on the top of a junk pile with a junks-dealer. It was on poultry farming. It promised the advent of a decent fortune to anybody who was inclined to follow its recipes. Here is a dash of luck -- to come across this book. I readily threw the money and took the book home.

All the poulterer's job was explained in it and rich promises of building up a fortune were held forth. It kindled my avarice for money and fairly started me on the path of building a decent capital for myself.

I brought a hen from the market and set it free about my house. All the day it used to peck about around my house, cackled in alarm at the passing of a dog or cat and flitted to and fro when a car or horse-cart dashed past. When dusk was gathering and before night shut down on the world, she would return home to be cooped up. Gradually she became so tamed that she would peck out of my hands and often roost for the night perching near my bed. I I took her in my arms, her cackling of gratitude evidenced her delight. Her castings covered the entire house and left great daubs on the floor. There was a spit of land outside the house which she particularly frequented. She grazed the grass and picked up the grains and thanked the mother Earth for the

sustenance she received from her, by excreting on her face. Mother Earth turned this act of black ingratitude to her advantage by using those droppings as manure for enriching her soil, illustrating once again the maxim that one's best friends are one's enemies because they bring out the best in him.

Days arrived when this hen began to make a tremendous cackle. She was cackling and clucking throughout the day. The poultry book told me that the eggs were ripening. Ultimately the day arrived when she began to lay eggs. For finding a suitable place for her eggs, on the first day she created a lot of disturbance in the house. She flew up to the mantelpiece and tumbled down many articles with a backward kick of her legs. She climbed up the table and tossed down some crockery. I grew alarmed, put a rotten egg in a wooden box and shut her up inside the box She would go to that box every day and would expel an egg by the side of that nest egg. When she had laid a clutch of eggs, she went broody. I set all the eggs under her for hatching. I counted off the days one by one and waited for the final result. No chick made its peep into the world. I waited for a couple of days more beyond the hatching time but no chicks were coming. I cautiously dinted an egg, then broke it. It was rotten. I broke another. That too was in the same condition and so were all the others. What was the mystery behind it? All my hopes of raising chickens thus thrown to the winds. I tapped my my brain, then referred to the book again. A closer study revealed that the mistake probably lay in the fact that I did not bring any cock to fertilise the eggs. All these eggs were infertile eggs. No chick could come out of them because they were seedless. Such table eggs were good enough for eating but not for rearing chickens. So I brought a cock and left him with the hen.

This time my hen laid some fertile eggs. I put all of them together and made her sit on them. She had

incubated them for ten days when I approached the nest to practise another suggestion given in the book. The book said that after ten days of incubation. the addled eggs should be removed so as to make room for eggs with embryo chicks in them to receive the full heat of motherhood and to allow the embryo chicks to ripen. I put all of them in water to see which of them will swim, because I was told that a rotten egg swims on the surface of the water. I found to my dismay that all of them were swimming. Evidently all of them were rotten and my rosy dreams about having a brood of chickens were dissipated. I put all the eggs in the basket and tipped them out on to the road. Presently I noticed blood streaks threading out of some broken shells. On nearer inspection, I found that some eggs contained embryos in them. Evidently the book had gone wrong somewhere or my reading of it was imperfect. Eggs with embryos also swim.

For the time being, my sweet dreams of having a run of chickens were dashed. I applied myself to an intenser study of the book and began all over again.

This time I allowed my sitter to give heat to the eggs for three weeks. On the twenty first day, I turned round all the eggs and found that the shells of some of them had been pecked out by the chick inside. On tapping the shell with my finger, the chick inside made a tiny cheeping sound. This cheeping of the chick sent me into rhapsodies of delight. It was the crowning of my hopes, the fruition of my endeavours. Applying my ear to the egg, I tapped the shell again to make the chick cheep again to gladden my heart. The response thrilled my soul. I tapped and tapped again, laid down one egg, then took up another, then left them all there and waited for the chicks to hatch. No chicks were coming. What had happened this time, I was intrigued to know. There were chicks in them, I knew for certain. What had so interminably delayed their coming? I removed the shell of one of them and found there a dead

chick. with blood oozing from the nostrils. The post mortem of another revealed the same symptoms. The autopsy of a third disclosed the same story. What was here the matter then? Some nebulous thoughts coalesced in my brain. My tapping, tapping, ceaseless tapping took the life out of them.

I was in the depths of despair, in the thickness of gloom, completely immersed in sadness. A stubborn fate seemed to pursue me. To me was denied the realisation of my golden dreams. The prospects of making a fortune by poultry breeding were nowhere in sight. All my dreams had been shattered and dispersed. A threefold attempt was enough of making a bid for money. Utter despair took hold of me. Sheer dejection possessed me. I was in a state of black despondency. Completely frustrated and feathercast, I was plunged in a state of bitter disappointment from which I emerged a new man.

What was there after all in concerning yourself with pullets and cockerels. Such things are not worthy of great men. Great men never had such puerile worries as eggs and chickens and all that. Great men's minds hovered over the earth and the heaven and the events of the universe. Great men's eyes rested on big things. Great men strike an awe into the hearts of others with their name. Great men's minds busied themselves with big themes, portentous events and the momentous happenings of the universe. Great men explore the world of thought and give us priceless gems. Great men never fretted and frothed about trifles. Their minds stayed on bigger things. A great man's mind dwells on higher things. His mind surveys the Cosmos and finds the truth vibrating in it. He takes in his purview the functioning of the universe and discovers the truth embedded in it. There is nothing in the running of the universe veiled from his vision. There is nothing in the whirling of the planets obscure from his sight. His eye travels past

the kingdom of the earth and the Mars and the Moon and lights upon the mystery of their working. The coursing of the planets, the pulsation of life, the cycle of seasons, there is nothing that is hidden from his sight. A great man is a philosopher who propounds the law of life. He sees into the heart of things and fathoms the mystery of the world. He sums up the secrets of the universe in a phrase or two. He clothes something in a terse saying that goes to the heart of men.

If my education is to prove of any solid worth, I should be a philospher. The philosopher's brain penetrates the mystery of things and gives expression to his finding in an abrupt phrase or two. The philosopher condenses the truth about life in a short, pithy saying. He summarises the facts of existence in a striking word that labels it though afterwards mammoth commentaries may be written to explain and illustrate it. To the whole loose conglomeration of facts that constitutes life, he applies a startling word or phrase that reaches the heart

I destroyed the nidus of my hen, set at large the hen and sat immersed in the task of constructing a philosophy. My philosophy was styled *Nihilism*. It was that there is nothing in this world. It all appears to be. Things are insubstantial and hollow. There is nothing substantial in them. It was all surface glitter and a mirage -- a lure to keep up hopes. To the understanding mind (among whom I was one) there was nothing of worth in them. They were only appearances, showy and ostentatious, to lull the mind with hopes that proved hollow in the end.

I was elaborating my thesis and giving proofs in support thereof with examples from my own life when my father descended upon the scene. Snatching the papers from me, he perused them a little and thundered, "What are you doing here, busy with your lachrymose temperament spinning some mazes of thought the head or tail of which is not known to any body. The war is on. There is no dearth of jobs now.

Go and find some suitable work for yourself. Passing your idle moments weaving some cobwebs of thought."

The war had come on. The boom of guns was in the air. Those were the days of the nineteen thirties when the British were in occupation of India. War started with the violation of Polish territory by Germany. Britain leapt into war on the side of the Allies. Russia, America and England were the Allies. Germany, Italy and Japan formed the Axis Powers. War was between the Allies and the Axis Powers. Air rang with the war. Almost all the countries of the world had joined on one side or the other in this tremendous clash. The air was thick with the clash of arms, the roar of artillery. All the three spheres, the air, land and sea were filled with the hum of war. Guns boomed, canons crashed, shots rang in the air. Aeroplanes took off for flight, their engines whirred, their passage cleft the air. Anti-aircraft guns spotted enemy airships and roared. Tanks crept along the road and automobiles tore past. The shots of Bren guns and tommy guns echoed in the air. Guns went and the air trembled with their roar. Bombs screeched through the air and exploded with a deafening sound. Warships plied the ocean, submarines dived under the waters and torpedoed them. Magnetic mines attached themselves to the ships and exploded them. Enemy mercantiles were waylaid and blown up. Poison gases spread havoc among the armies. Incendiary bombs dropped from the air and at once there was a whole mass of flames. Countless hoards of wealth were being drained to finance the war. It was a total war in which whole populations had joined. Such was the warfare of the 20th century.

In such troublous times and the jarring and jangling of continents, there could be no scarcity of jobs. As a matter of fact, military offices vied among themselves for supplying recruits to the Army. They tried to outstrip each other in enlisting people for the Forces. They hired agents to bring recruits for the Army.

People inundated the various recruiting offices for joining the Army. Wave upon wave of people entered the office and surged round the recruiting officers to give their name. The vast set-up of this Army was potent enough to absorb all the unemployed. There had flamed a world war· Such a monstrous Moloch could claim a countless number of human beings as its sacrifice. In this universal flare-up any number of men and material would burn to ash and cinders. This continental blaze could consume an unimaginable number of human beings. There was no dearth of jobs, no scarcity of posts So I too went to be on the Army list and be a busybody, hustling about my work rather than remain an idler marking time and awaiting the end of my life.

First there was the medical test. All the aspirants were asked to file. After tapping our chest and putting us through our paces, they asked us to puff out our chest. We were then made to swing our arms then turn round and spin our arms and legs. When our grace of movement had made their hearts flow towards us, we were stripped bare and pinched in various places, to see our compactness of flesh. Ultimately some of us were weeded out while the others were declared fit.

I had gone in for a clerical position, because I was good enough at quill driving. Along with me there were four more for clerical posts, bearing the names of Plummer, Billington, Macartney and Athaide All the five of us were to be booked to one place to report duty there. All of us were called together into the office, I was made the headman among them and given Railway warrants for all the five from Calcutta, our recruiting place to Ambala, our destination where we had to join office. Each of us was paid a few chips as advance of salary to cover the journey expenses because Ambala was two days off by train hauling. After this we left the office promising to meet each other at the Railway station. Here there sprouted a friendship which grew and ripened

so quickly that we became great chums and cronies almost overnight.

We collected at the station when night had descended on the world. I had been long enough in India and had by this time picked up some acquaintanceship with names of places and things and made myself familiar with the topography of the soil. I saw a train on a platform with its engine bearing the letters A.B.R. "That's it." I exclaimed, "Got it in time. That's the Ambala Railway. Shove your luggage into it and board the train. It will drop us right at Ambala and have done with it. It will end there. It's terminus is Ambala. Hence the name." I explained with much ostentation of learning

Upon this, one and all threw the luggage pell mell into the train, then we stowed it neatly into a corner, spread our beddings on the seats and stretched ourselves full length. Other people too started dribbling into the compartment in twos and threes but they did not disturb our possession of seats. We felt a little chit chatty nd before composing ourselves to sleep, we started a little chit chat to brighten the dull hour. While lengthened on our seats, we lit a cigar or two and blew out whiffs of smoke to the right, to the left.

"Say Mac, who do you think among us is destined to rise high in the Army." I put the query.

Mac just puckered up his brow, focussed his mind on the matter and then gave a solemn reply. "So far as the reach of my intellect goes, it should be Plummer."

"How do you say so?" I promptly demanded.

"That is on account of his tall stature. Because of his long size, his figure is very domineering, you see."

Plummer bristled with hope. There played a gambolling light in his eyes and his breast heaved with fond desire.

"I vote for Billington. Pretty Bill." Poked in Athaide. "What has weighed with you to incline you in his

favour." I asked peremptorily.

"That is his beautiful face. He is so excrutiatingly beautiful." Replied Athaide loviugly.

The train gave a whistle and with a jerk and a jolt was hauling out of the station.

Billington's face flushed crimson with pride.

"What has beauty to do in the Army -- a life of hardihood and toil." Macartney asked ridiculingly.
"Beauty is everything. There is nothing like beauty in this world. It is so compelling and winsome. Don't you see that they give top marks for beauty in inter iews and viva voce tests. Beauty wins the heart" Expounded Athaide with feverish enthusiasm.

"Yes. But what mountains can it move in the army' What rents it will cause in the ocean waters here? Here one has to command regiments, head battalions, boss establishments. There is nothing like an imposing figure, a towering form, a topping personality. It bears down opposition, stamps out resistance, snuffs out inimical feelings. It commands respect, strikes awe and gains a following. It executes tasks, consummates designs, encompasses ends."Macartney explained grandiloquently.

"A beautiful face fetches respect, softens wrath and melts the heart to meekness. Beauty bewitches the opponent and holds him like a charmed snake. There is nothing like a handsome face to win respect, to manage the staff and get things done. An appealing countenance is an invulnerable asset for a successful life in the ranks of service. See a beautiful face and you feel like grovelling before him. It generates in you a wish to prostrate before him. He is simply killing." Athaide clarified the matter with great force.

The train was running shrieking through the wilderness

This expatiation on the virtues of beauty had kindled a fire in the hearts of many people so that their faces were vivid with some fond imagining. I therefore felt

it necessary to close this debate and switch on the conversation to some other topic.

"See Athaide, what a strong wind is rushing in our face, laden with tiny droplets of rain. It seems a soft drizzle is going on in the outer air.

Athaide held out his hand through the window and felt a cold spray on the back. He drew in his arm with a shudder. The patter on the roof of the train increased in intensity. The wind howled and screamed through the bamboo thickets. There was lush vegetation on both sides of the line as it appeared in the dull grey light of a metallic moon. The train was rushing headlong in a wild, howling night through a howling, tangled wilderness. The wind had risen to lashing fury. Violent gusts of wind drove the rain inside. So we dropped down the shutters. In the ghoulish night, the grinding of the wheels on the rail track blended with the roar of the wind and stunned the ears. It deadened all sound so that a free flow of conversation was not possible. Rain-water was streaming down across the window panes and blurred the outside vision. Gradually the furious onslaughts of rain subsided and it became more gentle. The mild singing of the rain acted as a soporific so that many of the passengers were dozing off to sleep. Then suddenly Plummer asked, "When should we get up for our destination?" "There is no question of getting up. You can sleep and sleep till your back is aching, till you get a nightmare. There is two days journey ahead of us. Only day after tomorrow we will be able to sight our land. Till then you can remain in the depths of slumber without even knowing the hypnagogic state. So they all dropped off to sleep and were vigorously snoring. One or two of us were maundering about their pay and prospects, as it was let known to us by some other passengers in the morning. I had a grandiose dream that night which still stands vivid in my memory.

I dreamt that I had grown wings on my shoulders like

an angel. By beating my wings, I rose above the ground and soared higher and higher towards the firmament. My ascent towards the sky was accompanied by a change of colour to uniform leaden grey. My total aspect had changed to a bluish grey appearance. My ascension was complete with a transmutation of my whole being. I stayed and balanced myself on my wings and expanded and expanded in all directions, becoming more and more indistinct and hazy, lacking incisiveness, loosing clear-cut lines and contour till I had fused and formed into one with the sky. I was transmuted. I had become the sky itself in which the sun and the moon, the stars and the planets shine and spangle. The sky that is over all, that sheds light and rain-over everybody, that I had become. The sky adorned with the milky way, the sky that is the source of the spectrum of light. The sky that sheds its munificence over all, to which all look up with their prayers. The sky that in its moments of fury hurls down lightning and thunder, sends down thunderstorms, demolishes buildings and deals destruction, that was I. The sky that scintillates in its placidity.

Now Freud has postulated that dreams are wish fulfilments. He has further stated that dreams are symbolic. If I were an oneirocritic working with the methods of Freud, I would construe my dream thus.

The angelic wings that I grew on my shoulders were the wings on the coat arm that are the insignia of the Air Force. The greyness of the sky represents the grey uniform of the Air Force. The sun and the moon are a pictorial representation of the brass and silver buttons with which the mititary coat is studded. The milky way is symbolic of the badge of a military man. The spectrum of light suggests the band of service and good conduct. The heavenly stars are the stars of rank in the army. The highness of the sky symbolised the lofty eminence of position for which I hungered. In my dream, I had seen a fulfilment of my aching desire to rise high in the scale

of the army, its Air Force, to rise to a dazzling eminence where I am dispensing favours when my fancy takes me or working dissolution with a frown and a furrowed brow.

The bunks in Indian trains are only narrowly set apart from each other. There is barely space enough between them for one man to pass through. Athaide was sleeping on the bunk opposite to mine. In the slumberous state, my hand strayed and passed across his face.

"Josh! Somebody is caressing my face. Who be he?"

"Your beloved. Feels shy of making love to you in broad daylight. Has come to you in the night Pull her to your breast and give her a hug." Said I.

Simultaneously the hand of Athaide ran over my head.

"Why Athaide? Somebody is patting my head. who is that?" Said I.

"Your beloved. Pull her to you and hold her tight to your bosom." Said Athaide.

And in the next instant, the two of us thudded down and were embracing each other on the floor.

The piercing shriek of the train rent the air. The wind trembled and the earth shook with the progress of train. Occasionally the train stopped at a wayside stations when the vendors started hawking their stuff. The day had come on. Morning mists were clearing away. Birds twi.tered in the boughs of trees. The song of the lark vibrated in the air. The air came wafted to our ears loaded with nightingale's melodies. Chirping of the birds filled the air. The day was broadening. Under the vault of heaven, the vision of the world was expanding. Over the yonder hillock, the sun was peeping at the world. The morning air was bracing and refreshing. The sun was gilding the house-tops with a yellow tint. On getting out of the bogey to stretch our legs a little, we felt the crisp morning air in the face. The sun was rising higher and higher and ascending the vault of the

heaven. One of us gave an order for tea. Upon this, the bearer brought a tray containing some crisp toasts, a pat of butter and tea. That tea removed the tedium of our journey and invigorated us for the remaining part of it. New sights, new sounds. The change was really rejuvenating. Some scraps of conversation we exchanged about the change of climate. There was a delightful tang in the air. I kindled a cigar and began to suck at it. I watched amusingly a plume of smoke curl upwards in front of me. Frequently I hiccoughed if a strand of smoke entered nto the trachea. Often I would take a huge puff at the cigar and let out heavy wreaths of smoke followed by shorter wisps. Sometimes I exhaled smoke through my nostrils and regarded it with great interest as it trailed upwards. Others too were puffing at their cigars and exchanging crumbs of information about the land as they had heard it from people. We were all reclining on our seats watching the wisps of smoke floating in the air. The train was sweeping us along at a tremendous speed past the sights and sounds of an unfamiliar country. All the trees and shrubs, houses and buildings streamed past us in an indistinguishable blur. The whole landscape had melted into a hazy, indistinct form. A strong stream of air was constantly rushing in our face. The train was disgorging heavy clouds of smoke that tainted the landscape and thinned out. Vast volumes of smoke smudged the countryside. Every moment, every hour, we were gaining on at a rapid speed in the direction of our promised land.

The train halted at a wayside station and I got out of my bogey to straighten myself a little when perchance the guard who was conducting the train, brushed past me.

"Say guard, when do we reach Ambala next morning? What time will it be when our train pulls up at Ambala tomorrow?" I asked perfunctorily.

"Where is Ambaia this side?" Said the guard rather confounded.

I missed a few heartbeats. A mist floated before my eyes.

"Is'nt this train running on towards Ambala?" I asked.

"No." He replied with an emphatic negative."

I felt foggy, then tried to assemble my wits.

"But this engine bears the initials A. B. R. which I make out to be Ambala Railway." I closely argued.

"This is the Assam Bengal Railway. It links up the two provinces of Assam and Bengal. Ambala is in a laterally opposite direction." He explained.

"Great guns!" I exclaimed. "It passes my head."

The ground seemed to be slipping away from under my feet. "Holy Moses! What had I done? See my endless folly. Where have I come? Where should I go now?" I began to wail and lament.

On seeing my forlorn countenance, my associates came towards me and on hearing the sweeping news, felt like clutching me by the scruff of the neck and squeezing the life out of me. They took some gasps of breath.

"This blighter has played this havoc with us, brought us to the other corner of India," Said one to the other irately and the other itched to tear me to pieces.

"His noose-strings have led us he re. We won't take any such tips in future as he can offer us."Said a third.

I tried to soothe their ruffled feelings. When they cooled down a little, we detrained at the place without any further ado. All of us realised the fact that if they showed any further fussiness about this affair, they will sooner find ourselves caught in the meshes of another trouble. It is better to keep mum about this matter rather than waggle your tongue over it. If any ticket examiner gets scent of this matter that we have come so far without any tickets we will be in another mess. It is better to seal your mouth

and observe calm about this maze incident or you will soon have a ticket checker over your head. So we assumed a placid aspect and an unruffled appearance and took our seats on the benches in wait for some train to carry us back.

A few minutes ticked off when a ticket collector descended upon us and demanded the tickets. We told him that we had come from the town itself but this sort of bluff could'nt succeed because we knew nothing of the town's paths and crossways. We could'nt even tell whether the road emerging from the station wound to the right or to the left. A search of our person further yielded the fact that only last night we were at Calcutta. He charged double fare from Calcutta to that place and after having relieved us of the contents of our pockets, quietly walked off in an indelicate manner. We were left almost on the brink of starvation.

We traced the journey back to Calcutta and from there took another train for Ambala. Damp and moist climate yielded to a dry one. Rice as a staple diet gave place to wheat and men with flaccid and flabby muscles to a sturdier and stalwart population. The segment of the population on this side of the country glowed with health, were well-built and well-proportioned aud had well-cut features too. Their physiognomy was an improvement on the ungainly features of the people we had left behind. Ambala was reached at last

By the time we reached Ambala, we had only a few coffers on our person. The office where we had to join was a few miles off. We had to engage a tonga, a horse-driven vehicle of conveyance. In India, the rules of traffic do not allow a tonga to seat more than four passengers while we were five all told. Our depleted purse did not allow us to engage two tongas. Suddenly an idea flashed through my mind to which all the others clapped their hands in approval. The idea was that one of us should get under the seats and lie there in covert

till the point of destination. He will remain completely screened from view because a flap is hanging from the seat and reaches upto the footboard. Then the question was mooted as to who will volunteer himself to lie gathered up in the restricted space under the seats. Upon this, Plummer thumped his chest and agreed to do this service of self-effacement for the comfort and convenience of others. He quietly wriggled under the seats and lay there in a crumpled state while we arranged ourselves on the seats above. The tonga-driver cracked his whip and the horse started and began trotting along the road. A few more flourishes of the whip from the coachman and the tonga gained in speed.

The horse's hoofs clattered on the hard, metallic road. The road shimmered under the brilliant light of the sun. It bore upon its breast sheen after sheen of light called forth by the rays of the sun. The two sides of the road were lined with trees set at regular intervals. The heavy shades they cast on the ground gave comfort to the leaden-footed passerby. Beyond was the scrub and jungle that extended as far as the sky-line. Here and there a house on the roadside broke the view of the jungle and shrubbery. A pond or puddle glistening through the leafage of trees revealed a fuller aspect on nearer approach. Here the cattle came to slake their thirst and washerman to launder his dirty clothes. The soap suds on the surface of the water told their own tale. We were all drinking in the sights and sounds and breathing in the atmosphere of the place. We smelt the raw air of that land. In that still noon, the occasional cawing of a crow shook the air. Whenever the horse slackened in his speed, the driver gave him a dig in the pit of his belly, with a few imprecatory curses and the horse brightened up. Again it fell back, again a goad in the ribs winged his speed. The two of us on the back seat sometimes felt like slipping down from our seat and had to make an effort to keep on to our seats. Occasionally a car whisked by. Off and on, a motor cycle flashed past us and vanished in the

distance. The road zigzagged at many points and followed a serpentine course.

The mid-day was humming. As the tonga came along, a peacock raised an alarm cry and with its long trail of feathers swept up from the ground and perched high among the boughs, craning its neck in alarm. A stray dog chased the tonga a distance and bow vowed at us a while. The tonga went swinging along unmindful of them all. Then suddenly the road began to rise. It took a steep ascent. There was a railway bridge that spanned the railway lines. The road wen tover that bridge. Our tonga began to ascend that rise. It was in a slanting condition. It was traversing an uphill course. Plummer was lying huddled up under the seats. The swinging and jolting of the tonga had lulled him to sleep. He was lost in slumbers. With the slanting of the tonga, he began to slide and slither till he came out from under the seats and was tipped out on to the road. We came to know of it only when we saw a human figure sprawling across the road and recognised in it to be Plummer.

Except for this tiny mishap, we safely reached the office. We showed our movement order to the chief clerk there and were asked to bide our time. Sitting and waiting, we began to feel pins and needles. Nobody would give us a thought. Nobody would turn his gaze on us. So much time had flown by. The chief boss would'n t call us. The delay was tantalising. We were chafing at the curb imposed on our liberty. Unwelcome reflections on service and servility were entering into our mind.

Ultimately the call came. The chief clerk asked us to fall into a line and march into the office. As soon as we entered the office, we drew up in a line and gave a smart salute to the Major which he returned with a nod. The Major wore an aspect of studied reserve. He seemed to carry with him forbidding manners and a high-browed countenance. He was full of thoughts about his greatness;

LAW TAKES ITS OWN COURSE.

he seemed to walk on air. An uplifted nose is usually accompanied by a swelled head. Our Major too was very bossy and had a habit of lording it over. He demanded minute compliance with his orders and a strict observance of his whims and wishes, as we later found. He was pernickety indeed. He had a lofty sense of self-respect and felt acutely undone at the least disrespect or indifference shown to him. Such was our Major from the impression that we gained of him that day and from what we gleaned of him afterwards.

The Major dropped a word or two about each of us and then assigned to us our respective duties. Then he chucked off all of us and bent himself to the work lying on the table before him.

It was getting on for five o' clock. Very soon night was going to close down on us. Office was closing for the day. So the next thing that claimed our attention was to find some lodgings for ourselves. We issued from the office and trooped to the city. It was now nearing for six o' clock. Dusk was thickly gathering. Lights were budding out. Very soon the whole city was spangled with lights. A gradual calm was descending over the world. The noise and din of the day was subsiding. Occasionally a car whizzed past us. The passage of a lorry sent tremors through the earth. Evening smoke issuing from eating houses and gastronomic establishments could not rise up and was lying low like a pall over the city. It was the time for evening meals. Although the other shops were showing only a thin stream of customers, hotels and eating places were in full blast. The neon signs of the cinema houses were blinking to the pedestrians and drawing heavy throngs. We too could'nt resist the call of the picture houses. "Let us go to pics." Said all of us in a chorus. "But if we are going to pix, who will search out a place for us to inhabit." Ultimately we decided to leave Athaide behind to find some suitable den forus. Athaide was the prototype of man towards the

evolution of which civilisation was advancing. A scientist observed that the future man will be physically inferior, intellectually superior, will be shorter in size and will lack the sense of smell. Athaide summed up in his person all these trends of civilisation. Athaide was the advance blossom of civilisation. So Athaide was our confidant. Leaving things to Athaide, we quietly slipped into a film house, asking him to catch us there at the end of the play.

The film was being projected on to the screen when we took the tickets and quietly sneaked into the hall. The news had already been unrolled. Now it was the trailer that was being flashed on to the screen. The main film followed later. It was a comic picture. The spectators burst into guffaws at the incidents portrayed in it. They went into convulsions of laughter at its scenes. As the mirth subsided, a new wave of laughter arose. Wave upon wave of laughter swept over the audience. The filmfans had got here a rare entertaiument and a thing of solid worth for their money. The film shimmered across the screen. When the interval came, the headlights were put on and the hall burst into a flood of light.

The hall was bathed in light. People began to stream out to feel the fresh air. The glare of the headlights was intolerable. After a brief interval, they began to pour in and resume their seats. Overheadlights were turned off and the hall was sunk in gloom The film was being unreeled now. Spasms of laughter followed. It was a wonderful film contrived with much ingenuity. Every now and then, people were shaking with laughter, holding their sides with laughter. Just as they say one cannot see the wood for the trees, we could not see the entire picture but saw it only in patches and spots because our sides were splitting with laughter, we were aching at the pit of the belly with laughter. Ultimately tears started in our eyes and the whole spectacle was shut out, as they say in Indian theology that when devotion to the Lord rises to such an intense pitch that union with God is effected, there is no need of any further devotion.

All devotion ends. We were now in the arms of bliss. We were dissolving in laughter.

Next moment when our senses cleared, we found that the lights had been switched on while the film had come to an end somewhere during that time.

We left our seats and darted out and found there Athaide waiting for us at the gate. He had booked some-accommodation in a hotel. It was a small room at the end of a wing of the hotel. When we reached our room, we were dead tired and full of fatigue in every limb so that we immediately dropped into our beds and fell into sleep.

In the midst of a sound sleep, we got a jolting incident. One of us heard a spluttering sound. It was probably Mac.

"Who is this sputtering?" cried Mac in his bed.

"Whence is this sputtering sound?" cried Billington in a muffled voice.

"Again the same sound," wondered Mac.

"Is it you Plummer? Got a shake up in the tonga yesterday. It might have loosened your bowels," he said again.

"I am lying quietly in my bed. Can't be me," replied Plummer reassuringly.

"O, that cat that went past me when I came to the hotel first time. She is defecating," said Athaide.

"It's all quiet now. She is gone," said Plummer.

And we passed off to sleep again.

In the morning, we discovered that no cat came to our room or left any droppings there. But next to our room was the latrine which Athaide never perceived in his choice of a room because he had no faculty of smell.

Moments passed off peacefully well until there was a squall. A termagant in no end of a fury came upon us

with hotel servants in her trail, screaming curses on us and letting off a great amount of steam. "You called me cat. The first time this man sees me," pointing to Athaide, "only yesterday, and he becomes so free with me as to call me cat and all sorts of names!"

We looked to Athaide who had stirred up all this trouble. We could cope with a man but a woman was too tough to handle.

"That was the other cat I meant, the four-legged cat," said Athaide.

"You snivelling snippet. It was I who crossed your way last night. Now you are coining excuses."

The hotel servants dragged her off amidst her protests. Subsequently I explained to them that this word 'cat' bears two meanings 'a four-legged creature' and a 'spiteful woman'. "You know, they say, that pun is the lowest form of humour. And why is it the lowest form of humour? Because it often leads to quarrels and develops odd situations. So always avoid puns. Never use punning words," I advised them.

Each of us took to his appointed task in the office and attempted to discharge it with delicacy. Each of us was in grim earnest about his work and endeavoured to perform it in such a way that his officers should be bursting with admiration for him. They should be rolling their heads in praise of him. Every one of us succinctly endeavoured and exerted himself to the last fibre of his being to get shoved up from a lower to a higher rank in the service. Our greatest desire was to wring a smile from the stern countenance of our boss. All of us earnestly hoped that a day will dawn when the taut expression of our chief will relax into a smile of hearty approval. All of us lived in the hope that some day his severe countenance will beam with satisfaction at our work. A smile of approbation will shine on his face and gladden our hearts. From our heart of hearts and in solid earnest, we strove for the day when his features will be lit with

a smile and he will think of stepping us up. To that end we guided our efforts and directed our energies. All the mass of knowledge gathered from books and reaped from life and lying stored in our brain was now summoned to aid in the execution of our daily duties.

Our future was in his hands. He could make it or he could mar it. A smile playing on his lips could put life in us. A frown darkening his fair face could smother the life out of us. He held our destiny in his hands. He could wind us round his finger. It we see a smile radiating his face, it could infuse life in us. If a frown clouded his face, we lost our wits. He could shape our destiny and mould our future the way he liked. We had an enormous respect for him. His pleasure or displeasure was vastly significant to us. Our future could be bright or clouded according to the dictates of his will.

People who incurred the displeasure of their masters have passed their days with a dark shadow on their life. The ill-will of their master darkened their future and muddied their prospects in life Since the day they awakened the wrath of their master, their life was heavily overcast. The cup of their life was full of misery to the brim. They did not scrupulously discharge their duties and thus earned the disfavour of their superiors with the result that their prospects were ruined and their life was weighed down with grief. The malevolence of the officer shadows the portion of life and embitters and saddens the days of existence. So the golden rule of life is to keep in the favour of your superiors. To this end we all exerted. Our constant aim was to creep into the favour of our boss. To keep him in humour was our primary aim. We put our souls into our work and were always found immersed in our duties. Our task monopolised our attention and it was our sole absorption. We were always found steeped in our task and entirely lost to the world outside. All our acquisition of know-

ledge and profundity of learning that was lying slumbering in our brains since the day we left our studies was being awakened to life in the execution ot our task. All the piles of knowledge were being serviced in our task. We had harnessed ourselves earnestly to our work.

Among us, Macartney was put on the work of receipt and despatch. To keep an account of all the incoming and outgoing mail was his job. He kept note of all the letters that were mailed or received in a day, with their date of arrival or posting and a brief summary of their contents. From his college lectures, he had sipped the knowledge that a sentence or paragraph is of one of the two kinds, simple and periodic. In a simple sentence or para, the conclusion is stated towards the end and the earlier part helps to lead to that conclusion while in a periodic para the pith or gist o the para is given in the beginning and the later part amplifies and clarifies and elucidates it. In precis writing or summarising a para, one should look for the central idea either in the beginning or towards the end. It is in either of these two places that one can find the core of meaning. Whenever any letter was received in the office, he would invariably turn to the first one or two sentences or the last couple of lines to get the kernel of the letter there and jot them down in his diary as embodying the summary of the whole letter. The office diary was thick with such entries as 'begs leave to lay down some lines,' 'promises to leave no stone unturned,' 'says he will do such signal work as will not fail to please us.'

One day, the Major wanted to recall to mind the contents of certain letters and wished to refresh his memory of their subject matter. He called Mac to his room with the receipt register. As he fumbled among its pages, he found it everywhere strewn with such entries as 'takes leave to lay down some lines,' 'has left no stone unturned,' 'has done some signal work for which he nurses

the hope of a rich reward. The whole diary was thickly interspersed with them. The register was littered with such entries. " 'Doing signal work,' 'laying down lines,' 'turning stones', it all smells of railway duties," said the Major. "Nothing of the kind in our office,"said the Major decisively.

Mac seems to have got some snub that day.

Plummer was handed over the task of keeping accounts.

Plummer had a mathematical talent all his own. His genius was unfathomable. He was in the possession of prodigious mathematical talents. His genius could cope with arithmetical quizzes as of none else. Confronted with a mathematical puzzle, he would ponder over it for a fraction of a minute, then some ideas coalesced in his brain and there was a click. At once the whole solution went in a flash before his mind. This mathematics, you know, requires a particular brand of genius. There are certain people who are always backward in mathematics. This dull and dry subject of mathematics is always their headache. They were exceptionally brilliant in other subjects but were dud in mathematics. Others who used to be such laggards in their class that in spite of half a dozen attempts they could not get through the juniormost university examination, had phenomenal talents in mathematics and were the propounders of startling mathematical theories. Mathematics requires a particular kind of aptitude which Plummer possessed in a rich measure.

He was particularly adept in exchange business. In war time, there was brisk exchange among the allied countries. All these piles of voluminous work passed through the hands of Plummer. He proceeded about his task like this.

Whenever he had to change pounds, shillings and pence of the British currency into rupees, annas and

pies of the Indian coinage, he would multiply the pounds by 20 to convert them into shillings, add the other shillings to them and multiply it by 12 to convert the whole into pence. To this he would add the pence of the original sum and jot down the whole sprawling figure on a rough screed, putting p. the initial letter of the word pence over it for his own remembrance. Then he would turn to the tables of Indian currency and there find 12 p. equal to 1 a. and 16 a. equal to 1 r. In the next instant, he was seen dividing his figure by 12, neatly set down the remainder in the column under p. of his ledger, divide the quotient by 16, set down the remainder in the column under a. and the quotient in the column headed by R.

Similarly he would manage the American currency too.

Given any amount of dollars, he would take down the whole figure on a chit of paper, noting down d. over it to facilitate his own recollection of what the whole thing was. Next he would look up the table of British currency. There he would find 12 d equal to 1 s. and 20 s. equal to 1 £. Instantaneously he would be busy dividing his figure by twelve and the quotient by 20 and arranging the last quotient and the two remainders in the columns under £. s. and d.

Subsequently one day, he applied his wits on Russian currency and changed rupees into roubles and cents When the Major saw this, an idea came into his mind. "When I don't know the exchange ratio between the Russian and Indian coin," he said to himself, "how can this youngster be expected to know it." He rang up to the bank to get the exchange ratio. After getting the rate of exchange, he began to check up the whole thing for himself to allay his doubts.

It was in the course of this investigation that all Plummer's depredations came to light. Never before were accounts mangled with such authority.

And Bill. Pretty Bill. Bill was a lively fellow. He was full of the kick of life. He had animal spirits in plenty. In him the vigour of youth, the zest of life was superabundant. The blood of youth was surging in his veins. There was plenty of go in him. He was full of vim and vigour. Young blood was beating high in him. Life was vigorously pulsing in him. He was brimming with vigour and youth. The physical urges rose high in him. Carnal appetites were acuter in him. The good things of life held a greater charm for him. His worldly needs wore a sharper edge. He was bubbling with vim and vitality and possessed a temperament full of fire and life. His carnal passions had a keener edge on them, his craving for earthly things was in the ascendant.

Now that he was in employ and money was steadily flowing into his purse, his desires for the joys of the flesh had quickened. His lively spirits had taken on wings. His concupiscence had been stimulated and sharpened, his cupidities had been aroused and strengthened, his sexual appetites had been awakened and intensified. He was looking for some flame to which he could consecrate himself; some idol he could instal in his heart. His sexual drivings made him uneasy and restless. They had set his blood on fire. His sexual promptings had made him very agile and active and had set him on the lookout for opportunities to fulfil himself. His inexorable wish to make physical contacts gave him no peace of heart. His soul was tossing in restlessness. His will was irreplacable.

There are certain stars in the heavens that wink at us, such as the Cepheids. The theory of these pulsating stars is that a pulsating star is a hot, globular mass of tenuous

luminous matter. When another heavenly body passes besides any such variable star, it exercises a gravitational attraction on the latter. With the gravitational pull, the mass of the variable star extends and becomes more diffuse. With the decrease of density of its matter, its luminosity diminishes. But this expanding matter cannot go very far because of the inner gravity of the variable star itself; the gravity that is in the inside of the star, its inner core. Pulled back by its gravity, the expanding outer shell contracts and condenses. With the increase of density, the star grows more luminous. With its own internal heat, it expands again. Again it is pulled back by gravity, thus keeping to its dimensions and giving constant alternations of luminosity. This alternating increase and decrease of luminosity gives it the appearance of a twinkling star. This perpetual fluctuation of brightness imparts it the complexion of a winking star.

One day he stood outside the outer gate of his office, that opened on the road and was guarded by a sentry, watching the trickle of passers. Then suddenly a girl passed by who caught his notice. His heart fluttered. He was aflame His heart took fire. The irresistible attraction of the girl pulled him towards her. He stumbled a step or two, then held back. His heart was expanding with the warmth of love. His heart was reaching out to her. Yet pulled up and kept back by some gravity of demeanour which forbade his rushing to her, he stood there like a pulsating star, steadily winking at her.

Ultimately she fell for him and he was thick with her. He drifted away from us and took some lodgings apart. There he lived a promiscuous life with her. We used to see him at nights with arm entwined into hers, taking a stroll on the glinting Mall under the light of the pole lamps. It was always his point to keep in steps with her, he measured steps with her. Whenever he unconsciously

increased his speed and went out of steps, he waited to be in steps with her. If he unmindfully fell behind, he quickened his speed to catch steps with her. Never would he allow himself to fall out of steps with her. The way she looked, he looked; the way she turned, he turned; he swept along with her. He acquired a uniformity of taste with her, he based himself on her. She had captured his heart; he was a slave in chains to her.

She always lived in his thoughts. Whenever he met us, he would start some talk of her. During one of those conversations, he gave us the fact that she was very soft and round and cosy and snuggling and hugging and taking so long as she was in mood. But when once she grew cold, she had a peculiar habit of putting up corners round her to forbid any near approach to her. If I approach her from the right, she would put her right arm akimbo. If I approach her from the left, she would put her left arm akimbo. If I approach her from the front, she would swing round and put her arm akimbo. If I approach her from the back, she would take a turn and put her arm akimbo. She seemed to illustrate the Tetrahedral theory of the origin of the earth.

This earth, we are told, was a hot, revolving sphere. When it grew cold and lost its internal heat, it began to contract and take the form of a tetrahedron (a four-cornered figure). Its inner core contracted and condensed but its outer shell i.e. the crust of the earth being comparatively larger crumpled up in shrinking, thus forming four corners Asia, Africa, Europe and America, round a spherical body.

And Bill was a lively fellow in his office life too. We saw in him a lusty youth bubbling and effervescing with youthful spirits, going with a springy step in a sing song manner. Of the joy of life he was full to the brim

he was overflowing with cheerful spirits. Fragments of songs were always on his lips, he was always humming them. He used to perform his office work too to the accompaniment of music. He used to do his work to the tune of music. He was a typist in the office. From the initial stage when he used to pick out the keys with a slow deliberation and care, he had now acquired so much speed that the ceaseless rat-a-tap tap of his machine could be heard even in the next room. He used to tell us that in America several experiments were made to assess the value of music in augmenting the speed and efficiency of work. The results invariably indicated that music far from being distracting as is usually thought, is on the contrary conducive to speed and effficiency and lends to a better output of work. It moreover keeps fatigue at a distance and tends to preserve the freshness and primness of the mind for greater work. People have done more work to the playing of an orchestra in the background.

He therefore used to do his work to the setting of music. For his own work, he used to provide this music himself. All the while he was typing, he kept on singing snatches of songs. With a fine roll of the head, he went on crooning lines of songs. With a frenzied look in his eyes, he went on humming tunes of songs. Letter after letter he went on striking on the machine, singing lustily all the while. All along he went on vigorously with his work, chanting bits of song.

And the effect produced was something like this.

One day the Major called him to his room and said, "Bill, type a letter to the Government requesting the Government to give us 400 acres of land for growing grass to be later mowed and turned into hay and packed off to advance military posts as todder for the

horses as there is scarcity of forage in those areas. Just type out a letter like this and put it up for my signatures."

Bill came bustling to his office and deposited himself on the chair in front of his typewriter. He inserted a couple of papers in the machine with a carbon paper between. Tapping out the keys, he warmed up to his subject and gained vehement speed. Waving his head and rolling his eyes and pouring out his heart in melody, he rattled off a letter which read:-

Sir,

We beg to bring it to your kind attention that there is a sore complaint of non-availability of fodder for horses on advance military posts and near the fighting front. To remedy this situation and to answer the pressing need of the military units serving in those forward areas it is requested that 400 acres of land may be granted to us for growing grass which may be later mown and turned into hay and a ho and a heigh nonnino.

Meanwhile I was assigned the task of keeping the stores. All the office requirements were under my lock and key. The whole office looked to me for the amelioration of their wants and the fulfilment of their dire needs. The store room was stocked with articles of stationery, clothing and rations It was thickly crammed with them. Entering that room, one smelt an air of plenty and prosperity. A sense of contentment hung in the air. From every rack and cupboard, there issued vivifying smells. The shelves held a tempting array of articles. A sweet aroma floated in the air of that room. Wayward desires stole into the heart on entering the room. Strange thoughts crept into the mind to grab any of those things or to play some sleight of hand. Erratic wishes rose in the heart to raffle those things. Diabolical designs assailed the heart.

All this vast array and assemblage of articles and commodities was in my trust. I had to meet the needs of the office staff and maintain regular accounts properly supported and substantiated by indents and vouchers. I had to keep the accounts top notch and upto date. No mincing of accounts could be allowed. They could not be allowed to get into a mess. Everything pivoted upon them. Accounts are the soul of the entire office machinery. The pulsing body of an office is due to the life infused in it by the accounts.

Before me was laid out a splendid array of articles of all shades of taste. There was spread out before myeyes a wide variety of articles each shading off imperceptibly into the next. Among them were best-tailor ed dresse confections of the choicest kind to make the mouth dris, and articles of toilet and stationery.

One morning, I looked up at the sky. It was heavily clouded. Rolling clouds laden with moisture met the eye everywhere. A strong wind was blowing. Woolly clouds were ch sing each other in the sky. Thunder rolled and there were prospects of a sure rain. It was time to leave for office. I took an umbrella and started for office. In the way the rains caught me. My clothes began to flap and flutter till they were soaked wet with rain-water and began to hang loose and limp about my body. The driving rain sped me on at a quicker speed. It pushed me onwards in a way. In a short time, the whole land was covered with runnels of water. Brook-lets seemed to swell up. Their level showed a rise. The hissing rains changed the face of the landscape. Puddles formed everywhere and the soft soil was changed into thick mud. The hard metalled road had grown slippery. Once my foot slipped and I would have fallen plop on the ground but I managed to break the fall with the help of my umbrella. A few steps on, my feet got into a quagmire which went down under my feet. My

feet got stuck in it. I disengaged my feet and went on a few yards when I got into black mud which splashed up and spoiled all my clothes. There were splotches of mud on my trousers. My hob-nailed boots too were covered with blobs of mud. Somehow I reached my office

On reaching office, my first concern was to survey myself in the looking glass. Therein I found that my figure had been spoiled beyond recognition. There were tiny globules of mud on my face too. My pants were bespattered with mud, with all the starchiness and stiffness gone out of them. I have always been very finicky about my appearance and very fastidious in my make-up. So my first thought was to be a little ship-shape.

I removed my pant and boots and stowed them in a corner of the rack. I took out a new pair of military boots and trousers from the store, put them on, laved my face with a cake of soap and sat down to my work.

Next time when I was on my way to the office, the rains came on unexpectedly. A slight shower fell on me. Immediately I took cover under the balcony of a house and stood immobile. When the showers had ceased, I issued from my cover and proceeded for the office. When I reached office, I found my hat a little pock-marked with rain drops. I changed it for another in the store.

One day, I thought of going to the cinema. The first show started at 5 - 45 P.M. while the office closed at 5 P.M. The westering sun was going to set and frosty cold was creeping on.I said,"if I go to my residence to get my chester, I will miss the first show". I took out an overcoat, a sweater and a pair of stockings from the store, pulled the jersey over me, put on the overcoat and strapped it on me, drew up the socks, put my feet in the boots, laced the boots and buzzed off for the cinema. Next day I returned those articles to the store.

On another occasion, I was an invitee to a marriage function at evening time. Bristles stood on my face. It was not in etiquette to attend the function with such a prickly growth. I took out a stick of shaving soap, a brush and a blade and gave myself a nice shave. After my purpose was served, I put them in their place. I rinsed my face, dried my hands and face on a towel, gave a little polish to my boots (we had a good stock of boot polish in our store), put a new sheen on them and was off.

Whenever the flippant mood crept on me, I would change into a brand new suit of clothes, take on a new hat and shoes and saunter along the Mall, courting the attention of young girls. Then I would leave the grosser and feculent air of the town behind and entered the perfumed gardens.

My office life was very sweet. It was sweet too in another respect. Every day I used to call for a cup of coffee in the afternoon. On account of the rationing of sugar, the hotel management could not allow more sugar in a cup of coffee than the rationed quantity. I have been a great lover of sugary things and honied articles. To me it tasted insipid and tasteless. I could'nt relish it. There were plenty of sugar stocks in the godown. I would'nt mind adding a pinch of sugar from the sackfuls at my disposal.

One day, there burst upon me an inspector from the arsenal to check the stores. He took the account books and went over all the postings and entries therein and referred to the vouchers and indents that formed their basis until he came to the present stock position. Taking up each item of the stock, he went through the store to see if its number agreed with the figure given in the register. Therein the whole story came out, of all my vagrancies. It was an indescribable condition all around. Second-hand clothes were tucked in the place of new

ones. Worn out hats and slipshod shoes apppearing in the place of new articles. The socks and pullovers had sagged. There was no elasticity in them. The boot polish was scraped, the soap was used. There were dents on the edges of the blades. Towels bore smear marks on them. Sugar stocks had markedly decreased. It was horror all around. All my rovings came to light. All my loafings were revealed. All my lapses stood disclosed. My patchy conduct was exposed. My slipshod character became evident. My unsavoury conduct came under notice.

A fire kindled in his eyes and blood rushed to his face. . .

That day, I narrowly escaped prosecution.

Athaide was on telegrams. Drafting and despatch of telegrams took all his office time. He was the nerve centre of the office. Just as the sensory nerves carry knowledge of outside happenings to the brain which sends along the motor nerves which are connected with the muscles, the impulse to act, the office used to acquaint him with all the terrestrial happenings and even the atmospheric, and it was his function to advise action by telegraphic messages to distant military units. His was thus a vital role in the office. He was the cynosure of all eyes. They hitched their wagons to him. Telegrams relate to vitally significant matters in which prompt and peremptory action is needed. The least delay or neglect will spell disaster. In the military, the watchword is 'discipline'. They have not to reason why. They have not to make reply. Implicit obedience, undemurring compliance and unsleeping endeavour are all that is demanded of them. Athaide's presence was the thing that breathed life in the military organisation.

War had come up to the borders of Burma. The Japanese forces were knocking at the door. They were crawling all along the Indo Burmese border. It was a

tense moment for us. They were determined to give us a pungent taste of their might. They had made up their mind to clothe with reality their declarations to conquer India which we had been taking only as a hollow boast. They had broken through virgin jungle and had now emerged on the plain. Under cover and ambush, they were steadily creeping on towards us. This information was carried to Athaide who was asked to apprise the units in the field area of the situation so that they should know that the hour to strike had come and they should be up and doing. With much deliberation, Athaide worded a telegram and despatched it It ran:-

Enemy approaching. Making further progress.

Post office people flashed the telegram across the wire and the military units received it.

Whether it was the fault of Athaide or something inherent in the nature of a telegram, we do not know much about it, the active units received the telegram as:-

Enemy approaching stop making further progress.

They construed it to signify that the enemy was approaching for negotiations and peace palavers and they should therefore abstain from making further advance lest it widen the gulf and disturb the prospects of peace so that the peace talks fall through. They were already aware of the enemy's advance and were going forward to meet them. This telegram put a damper on their activities. They drew back their advancing army, called halt to their efforts and were lulled into inactivity. They slept over the whole thing until one day there was a terrible onslaught which they knew not how to stand. There was an utter rout and a terrible pillage and carnage.

News reached the office of the debacle and of how Athaide was the cause of their undoing. There was a great buzz in the office about the five of us and our work. "These five friends are the most awful lot on earth," they were saying.

At last the Major called us and said, "this office has tried its best to keep patient with you but you have sorely tried our nerves. It is time for you to pack up."

We got a sack and were ordered to be repatriated.

We came away to England and were received by our friends. They were all on tenterhooks to know why we laid down our jobs. Among them were our thick friends who expressed concern at our anchorless condition in life. In this war-racked condition of our country and in these delicate times, it was, they said, our sacred duty to serve our country. When the country was every day getting war-scarred and war-charred, no patriotic citizen could afford to sit on the fence without doing his bit for it. We should not have, they pleaded, thrown away our jobs and crossed over to England at such a time when the country is experiencing the racket of a cataclysmic war. We were traitors to our country, backsliders in the cause of our motherland, they harangued us. At this teetery moment when the country is on the brink of a precipice, it did not behove us to turn our back on it, they argued. When everybody is jittery about the ultimate fate of our country in this nerve-racking tremendous war, was it proper for us to have resigned work so shamelessly and come home seeking a cosy corner? they asked. They put us to shame, they pin-pricked us, they pinched us with their questionings.

To all this we could only reply that it was some instinct that had brought us home, some mysterious impulse that had guided our steps homeward. "You know," we

said, "the Hypothesis of Continental Drift. All the various continents, Asia, Africa, Europe and America, they say, once formed a compact land-mass. All of them were grouped together and separated later on. The argument put forward in support of this view is that the "bulge" on the east of South America (Brazil) would approximately fit into the "gap" in the west of Africa (the Gulf of Guinea) and that if North America and Greenland are brought up against Europe a fairly complete junction will be made. This shows that they were previously joined to them and have now drifted towards the position. The Caledonian folds of mountains that pass through Scotland and Wales seem to meet the Armorican mountains somewhere in South Wales. In America, there is a cross of two mountain ranges of this kind. They therefore seem to be an extension of the two mountain ranges of Europe. The two mountain systems that nearly meet in the estuary of La Plata in South America cross near Cape Town.

"In further support of this theory they urge that the lemmings of Norway after every ten or fifteen years make an astonishing move towards the west travelling for miles until they arrive at the western shore when they plunge into the sea and swim westwards, eventually drowning in large numbers. And so do the springboks of South Australia."

"Continents are moving westward and so are the beings that inhabit them," we said.

"Our migration to England," we said, "is to be explained on the same lines as that of the lemmings and springboks. It is a general westward move in the order of nature, Like the lemmings and springboks some inner and hidden impulse has directed our steps homeward. Against it we are helpless."

All our tall talk about wandering continents and west bound populations failed to fetch belief. People became suspect and raised many kinds of wild suspicions. They thought that we had probably got a knock-out or we were chicken-hearted poltroons who had fled from fear of life. We went down in public esteem and lost our lustre. Our plumes of pride were shed and we were held up in derision.

The war ended after some time. The British left India and came home. They parted with their power in Burma and Ceylon too. Soon after the Dutch gave up Indonesia and the French their possessions in India. The British mandate in Palestine too came to an end those days. There was a huge deluge westward of large masses of populations.

We rose in public esteem. We sauntered before the public as prophets of events in the hatching, of history yet in the embryo. Our prognosis had come true. They looked upon us with awe as the harbingers of things to come, as the fore-runners of future events, as the drizzling winds that bring the drenching showers.

A plain speaker:- Personally I don't like the Chinese great opium-eaters as they are. They are always in a stateof stupor, with fuddled brains andclouded wits.

Chinese:- Hem! That *urchin in your house you are so frequently talking about with great relish, is'nt he a Chinese?

*Some Chinese names also end in Chin as Fu Chin, Mohammed Chin.

THE GRENVILLE ROAD SMOKING CLUB

In an airy room perched on the top of a building was lodged the Grenville Road Smoking Club. Down below the road flowed past called the Grenville Road. The room was breezy and wind-swept. Fanciful winds blew in the room and fanned the face. Windows gave a view of the azure sky. Birds flitted past the windows and flapped their wings in the air. It was a secluded and sequestered spot. Bats clung to the lofty ceiling. When disturbed, they flew about and skimmed the air. On the road below, traffic flowed in a thick stream. Trees shed their leaves which went whirling and spiralling downwards. Occasionally a gust of wind blew and raised a cloud of dust. Vehicles whirled past on the road and men trod a weary way. Sun sent its beams through the leafy trees which cast a pattern on the ground. Trees lined the road, the ground was ribbed with their roots. Matted grass covered the ground under the trees. Crows cawed among the boughs, sparrows twittered in the foliage. Pigeons were perched lightly on telegraph wires

Beyond there stretched housetops piled one above the other. Pinnacles of churches pierced the air. They formed a clear silhouette against the blue sky. The ringing of church bells trembled in the air. Sometimes a person passed along whistling a gay tune. Coaches rattled past on the way to their destination. Occasionally a song rose and trembled in the air, a long-drawn wail hung upon the air, a funeral bier passed. At times a procession went by, making a medley of sound. A gale arose, drove a cloud of dust before it and subsided. Then there was a calm. Again the winds stirred and knocked the shutters of windows. A fierce wind tore through the streets and lanes and spent itself on the road. Shifting shadows wove different designs on the ground.

Such was the prospect that the club room commanded. It was aloof from the world yet it was in its midst. It gave a survey of the world and stimulated thought on matters relating to it. Its breezy height awakened the activity of the brain and gave rise to a ferment of ideas therein. Its lofty position set in motion a train of thoughts on the affairs of the world. Its windy height gave birth to a chain of reflections on matters of moment and the ultimate fate of mankind. Its towering eminence directed thoughts to teleological questions and the origin and end of things. Its wafting winds coming in waves awakened the slumbering recesses of the brain and gave some catching ideas of melioristic trend.

Here in this club gathered the choicest wits of the town, the elite of the whole place, men in whose brain, a bright idea will fulgurate to lighten up a whole dead mass of material. Men whose enthusiasm had been fired to works of public reform assembled here to hatch out schemes for the improvement of existing conditions. Persons whose intellects had been set on edge to work out measures of public reform collected here. People who were taken up with the idea of reform gathered here to exchange views to thrash out plans for regenerating mankind, for uplifting their country.

All sorts of matters came up for discussion. Current politics, matters of religious hue or social complexion were all touched upon and debated. Matters that agitated public mind were gone into and their pros and cons weighed in the balance. Problems that vexed the mind of the public were taken up and pondered over. Day to day events were commented upon, happenings of the day were glossed over.

A ha'penny paper gave them all that they required. It told them what were the burning topics of the day, the fresh matters that had cropped up for discussion. Papers indicated to them what were the flaming questions of the

hour, the debatable points of the day. What were the matters that stood in need of qualified opinion. Newspapers contained articles that gave a fund of information on a vexed question of the day and exhibited encyclopædic knowledge of matters relating to any problem that bristled with difficulties. In short, newspapers were a mine of useful knowledge. Equipped with this knowledge they came to the club in their leisure hours and launched all sorts of discussions and debates.

All these discussions and controversies were carried on in the intervals of smoking. Smoking went on alongside with the advancing of opinions and prosecuting of arguments. Wisps of smoke floated in the air until the air was thick with them and they formed a floating mist that hung and hovered in the upper air of the room and slowly trickled out of the window. Hence it got its name 'smoking club'.

War was on. Newspapers featured war news very prominently on their pages. The principal item of the day's war was put in streamer headlines. Newspaper posters figured war news as their main feature. Supplements gave the chief news of the day's war in their banner. Evening editions came out to give the latest news of the war. Something on war was brightly displayed in their ribbon. There was a tremendous public interest in war news. People hungered for war news. People fed on war news.

In the club room of the Grenville Road Smoking Club, sat Lambert extended in an easy chair, near the window. He was drawing heavy puffs at his cigar. He had already finished one and thrown the cigar stub on the floor. He took a huge puff and let out a volume of smoke which went curling upwards out of the window and dissolved in the air outside. Clouplets of smoke went swirling up and passed out of his ken. He amusingly watched the rippling clouds of smoke ascending to the roof and float-

ing out of the ventilator when Spofford entered the room, letting out a wreath of smoke from the corner of his lips.

"How de do," said Spofford.

"I am all right. Thank you," said Lambert.

"Did you see the latest news today?" asked Spofford.

"What is it?" asked Lambert with interest.

"Germany is advancing towards France," said Spofford

"Yes. I had a glance at the headlines," said Lambert.

"And France is rushing towards Germany, said Spofford.

"I see," said Lambert.

"Midway between them is Belgium," said Spofford.

"Then Belgium will be squeezed to death," said Lambert.

"No, no. Belgium won't be squeezed to death. Belgium will be trodden under feet," said Spofford.

"That's what I mean. Belgium will be squeezed to death and drop down lifeless. Then he will be trodden under feet," said Lambert.

"What an ass you are? Belgium in not what you imagine ——————————————

"Shut up. I don't want to hear you. You are not more learned than what I am."

Next day, there was a full dress debate on the chances of Germany in the war.

"The Germans are a mighty nation. Germany is a first-rate power in the world. Their military strength is unfathomable. Their victory in the war is assured. Nothing can stand their onslaught. Now they are going to launch an attack on Norway. The latest report says that tomorrow they will land an army of 50000 strong on the seacoast of Norway," said Shelton.

"The soft soil of the seacoast will go down under their heavy weight so that all of them will be swept off to mid-ocean," answered Osborn.

"Another report says that Germany is preparing to bombard Yugoslavia. She is sending a squadron of 3000 æroplanes to bomb Belgrade, the capital of Yugoslavia, These airships will cover the sky over Belgrade and drop bombs simultaneously to flatten the whole city and blot out every trace of living forms or human civilisation," said Blyton.

"Three thousand planes to drop bombs simultaneously, my God!" cried Shipley.

"The air will grow thick with bombs. They will explode with mutual collision and blow up the planes above them," said Mumford with great sagacity.

"Meseemsif Germany continues this course of clotted nonsense, her end is not far off," observed Woollard.

Another day there was a full-fledged debate on the reforms that should be introduced in the administration of their country. Our country, if it is to register progress, must adopt certain measures of reform that are a pressing need of the times. Without the acceptance of these reforms, they said, its fall will be unchecked. Nobody can stay its steadily rotting condition. A country should be eternally vigilant about its interests and must be aware of the imperative necessity of reforms if it has to revitalise itself and take a new lease of life, otherwise it will breed discontent which will lead to its own dissolution. It will promote disaffection that will precipitate its downfall. Reforms are the sore need of the country. Our politicians indulge in flagitious bombast in support of existing conditions so that the purulence in society goes on increasing. Its pustulent condition goes on getting from bad to worse. Reform is therefore the vital need.

There are a number of matters on which the Government can profitably centre attention. There is a

driving necessity to bring about some reform therein. Then they held a debate as to what reforms they would make if they were members of the Cabinet.

"If I were in the Government, the first thing I would do would be to reduce the burden of taxation. People are groaning under the heavy weight of taxation. Heavy taxes cripple them financially and paralyse their activities. Indeed these taxes are grinding them down. The peccancies ot the government are becoming inexcusable in this respect. Steadily they have been raising the taxes and manifesting sheer cussedness to the wishes of the people in this respect. The cries of the public do not strike a chord of sympathy in their heart. The clamours of the public do not produce any note of sympathy. The peasantry has aligned itself with the citizenry, the commercial classes have ranged themselves with the industrial classes in the demand for reduction of taxation but it has not evoked any response from our legislators so far. Most probably they don't know that in a democracy, they rest entirely on the goodwill of the public. The goodwill of the public can shoot them up, its absence bring them to dust. All their pomp and pride will be blown up to shreds if the public gives them a cold shoulder. It is the depth of folly to ignore the wishes of the electorate. It is sheer gaucherie to play with the deepest desires of the electors. It is the voters who have lifted them to this position. Most of the constituents and the people who poll votes come from the taxed classes. It is not the course of wisdom to run counter to their wishes. If I were a Minister of the Cabinet, I would lighten the burden of taxation very considerably and cut down income tax and land revenue very heavily," said Kim with heavy emphasis on his words.

The peroration had an electric effect and when it was put to vote, all hands were up in its favour.

"One thing which is most vital to the functioning of a true democracy is education. The proliferation of educa-

tion is a matter of importance in training a citizen in making a proper exercise of his vote. An educated citizen knows the issues at stake, he can distinguish the folderals from the fundamentals, the inessential from the essential and elemental. He will cast his vote for the proper candidate, because he can probe into the truth of a matter. And this leads to unity of action and maintains solidarity, because unity of action, you know, flows from unity of thought. And unity of thought can be achieved only if people have an understanding of the truth, because truth is one while untruths are many If you ask any educated person whether the earth moves round the sun or the sun goes round the earth he will invariably say that the earth rotates round the sun Address the same query to a bunch of illiterates and you will get divergent answers One will say that the sun goes round the earth making a complete round from east to west and then back to the east. Another will tell you that the erth is a flat surface like a plank and it tilts about the sun like a seesaw The sun is somewhere above the middle point of the earth When the eastern end of the earth slants towards the sun, the sun appears to be towards the east and the western part of the earth appears to be farther from the sun. When the western side of the earth tilts towards the sun, we get the effect of the sun appearing to be in the west and the eastern parts look farther removed from the sun When the earth holds a uniform surface to the sun, sun's rays beat high on its breast at noontime. Thus they will give you variant answers Education is therefore necessary to pave the solidarity of a democratic nation and bind together its varlous part in a degree of cohesiveness If I were an Education Minister, I will make free education accessible to all, because many people hav'nt got a very long purse to provide for the education of their children"

This non-stop speach from Ripley had an impressive effect on the other members who suspended smoking in the interval when the speech was flowing on They one and all voted in its favour.

"Similarly," said Plocket blowing out a cloud of smoke, "justice should be made accessible to all."

"That need not vex us," said Dibble, "because the doors of the courts are wide ajar for everybody."

"But the costs of litigation" resumed Dibble, "are very prohibitive. One has to pay heavy amounts in court fees. Lawyers pluck large sums from their clients as their fees. Such is the habit of these black-coated people that if they see one of their lot pattering and hovering about a person, all of them will gather and prance about him, vying with one another to nibble. off something from him, as when a crow is cawing around a person, all of his species of black feathery coats start gathering and hopping around him, rivalling with one another to pick off something of his All this should be brushed aside"

"Then what do you propose for this?" asked Hyd flicking off the ash from his cigarrette

"I will abolish court fees No court fees"

"I thought so," interposed Parker

"Lawyers too will go No lawyers Government will provide counsel at its own expense"

"That's good," Baker nodded assent.

The most important thing has passed clean out of your mind," said Pritchard remindfully.

"What is that?" asked Crichton curiously.

"The army," replied Pritchard with gusto "The army is the heart of the nation that pumps the blood through the various arteries So long as the army is performing its function, all the departments and activi-

ties of public life get their needfuls and vibrate witi life. When the army stops functioning, normal life is suspended and there are convulsions, upheavals and disturbances all over the land, like the spasms of pain of a dying man

Ultimately everything comes to a standstill. Life has been squeezed out of the dying body. Business and trade thrive no more. Circulation of money which is as symptomatic of a living community as circulation of blood is of an animate body, stops altogether. Capital lies frozen, stocks and commodities rot as blood coagulates in a dead body. Terror stalks the land."

"It will therefore be seen," continued Pritchard animatedly "that military strength is the gauge of the potentialities of a nation. No effort need be spared and no money need be stinted in increasing military strength I will mark off a fair portion of the country's finances for expanding the army list and purchase of war material "

They went into blank ecstasy over the prospects of an undreamt of greatness of their country.

"Apropos to this, I would suggest that the Government should grant an allowence for every child born to a family," said Harmsworth. "It will build up the man strength of the nation. Fecundity will be sought after. Abundance of children will not impinge on the purse of the head of the family. A prolific growth of children will be coveted." Harmsworth watched a thin stream of smoke curl upwards in front of him as he spun out his argument.

"And we will be venturing out in all direction," said Henley taking up his words, "making dazzling discoveries in science, showing daring conceptions in literature, bringing off scoops in journalism and riding on the crest of a wave of conquest and witnessing the tentacles of a mighty empire spreading in all directions

"That is so," Crawford joined voice with him.

"In nature," said Stanley, issuing a plume of smoke that went floating in the air, "we see this principle of struggle for existence actively at work. The more perishable a species is the more speedily it multiplies to maintain it hold on life and to manage its continuity. Bacteria, ants, germs, fishes and frogs multiply and spawn in vast numbers whereas a lion will get a cub or two in a year and a she-elephant will bear a young one in eighteen months Man who is the flower of creation, has a greater need to procreate. Without him the world will be a drab, colourless sapless thing. The universe takes on meaning only with reference to man. Among men too the role of our nation is conspicuous. We have to strike a dominant note. We should not be pruning our growth and expansion by ideals of celibacy and controlled births which we inevitably have to do if our finances do not square up with our needs. Govt. will be performing an act of political sagacity if it sanctions an allowance for every child born to a poor or rich, rapscallion or noble"

"And doles for unemployed too," put in Sheppard.

"That is the supreme need of the times. You have laid the finger on a very tender spot of the nation," said Grimm seconding him.

"They should be given a skeleton allowance that is sufficient for a bare modicum of existence. There are many tatterdemalions among them who have no money to set up a business. Some of these ragamuffins have a smattering of education but they can't get anchor any where They can't obtain any post. They can't find any work My heart goes out in sympathy to them. They should be given a skeleton allowance," said Dykes.

' Why skeleton allowanee? They should be given a magnificent allowance. You see, these people have more time to procreate children and tend them but they can't do it because they hav'nt got a slip to support their own life. If you give them a generous allowance, they will be very useful in developing our man power - a point that we have already advocated. Our country then will literally be a beehive of activity and honied prosperity. In a beehive, you know, there are two kinds of bees, the worker bees and the queen bee. The worker bees work all the day and store honey in the apiary. The queen bee does not do any work It stirs not from the hive. It generates offspring and propagates the species. For this work alone, it is pampered by the worker bees. Queen bee is the fattest of them all."

"Much corruption has stained the administration of our country," said Dunnigan lifting up his nose.

"What do you put it to?" asked Bromfield.

"Low salaries. That's what I believe," said Dunnigan.

"Salaries indeed are very poor. The scanty salaries are the cause of the rot that has set in the administration of the country," said Hartford watching a shred of smoke floating in front of him.

"The lean salaries of the Govt, employees induce them to accept bribes which lead them into devious ways and crooked paths. A hungry hen will follow you if you are holding a crumb in hand. But a hen whose pouch is full of grain, will not heed your call. The Govt. servants should be given fat salaries to keep them in satiety so that they do not make a slip." Dunnigan completed his argument.

"This is well said " They clapped their hands because many of them were Govt servants.

"This makes a fairly complete picture of the much needed reforms," said Morrison winding up the debate

"I would only add that in the interests of public health Govt. should plan and remodel the cities and towns and plant trees and lay out parks with fountains playing in them."

Then suddenly somebody poked in with the remark, "your picture of reforms is very bright and rosy indeed. But where to get the money for all this? Income tax and land revenue, the two sources of Govt. finance you have already cut out. Court fees, the remaining source of Govt. revenue you have done away with while the budget is going at a deficit."

At this, they fell into deep thinking, A heavy silence lay over them. For some time, no answer came. Then one of them said, "our brains have become fagged by a too prolonged debate. No idea is coming at present. It is better to leave this question to some future date."

So they fell out and dispersed.

The fiery orator was pouring out a torrent of words in quick succession, with much attitudinising, striking the table and waving the hands. He had worked himself to a high pitch of emotion, His voice was hoarse. His words were indistinct. At best his speech was a gibberish

Some of the audience seemed to be deeply impressed They made grimaces, thumped their chest, clapped their thighs and rolled their eyes They gave the impression that they followed the speech.

A bystander, "I can't make out a word of this rapid patter. How can these people understand the whole gabble.

Another :- They are not concerned with understanding anything They seem to be some extras in a picture - shooting.

VICE VERSA

ALFRED PRIMROSE was a man of frolicsome spirits He was a youth of prankish habits and took a devilish delight in playing tricks with others. He took a keen delight in weaving situations shrouded in dark mystery opening in the end into a sunshine of colossal fun. He revelled in playing farces and spinning out tricky situations. He was always seeking for guffaws and hilarious fun. He delighted to take a rise out of others. It gave him a thrill of pleasure to put others in odd situations and make a doodle of them. Playing a ruse, laying a trap or getting the noose around the neck of another were glorious fun for him It tickled his risibility if he put somebody in a situation in which he lost his face. It titillated him to put others to discomfiture and get a rise out of them He was full of buoyant spirits. The blood of youth was leaping in his veins

Wenda was mending the garment of the household She had darned a hole that had appeard in the seat of the pants on account of wear The seams of the coat had burst at the back She had put the stitches through the coat A ball of stout cotton was lying at hand. She put the thread through the eye of the needle A heap of frocks and blouses and shirts was lying near her. All the clothes were lying tumbled up in that heap, crumpled and creased, waiting their turn for the repair. She had just now finished stitching up a rent in a frock and tossed it on the floor. Now she had taken up a shirt in which a big tear had been caused when the wearer of it brushed past anailjutting out from the wall which caught it and rent it a considerable length. The shirt had worn thin Its collar had frayed like the lapel of the coat which she had already mended and left. She was seated near the wall adjoining the next room, on springy couch

which bore some delicate designs traced on it. She slipped the needle through the cloth and went on sewing it. Her fingers worked with remarkable dexterity. The needle darted to and fro in her hands and put the seams in the cloth. The needle flashed through odd patches of cloth and made of them a whole garment as when an electric spark is passed through oxygen and hydrogen, they combine to form water. Rents closed up behind the progress ot the needle like the cleft waters of the ocean behind the sailing ship. Wenda was thoroughly absorbed in her work.

Alfred Primrose skipped up the staircase in great bustle and excitement.

"Wenda," he said in great haste, "your lover is calling you downstairs. He is tooting his horn from the roadside. Hurry up as best you can."

And Wenda flung aside her needle-work and hurried down the staircase to find herself in the arms of a misshapen oaf pouting his lips and making sputtering sounds.

He had quite a bunch of friends. Whenever his constant touch with one palled his liking for her, he would seek the company of another and shift his activities there. Newness adds piquancy to the taste. Drooping spirits revive with the element of newness. Change is the law of the universe. Change gives zest to life. All pleasures pall upon the senses after long acquaintance. One is cloyed with them after long familiarity. It is newness that adds spiciness to a situation. What is it that makes people thirst for news. What is it in a newspaper that people hug it early in the morning as soon as they crawl out of their bedsheets. The same fire stories, murder reports, narratives of riots, case yarns, speeches and interviews form the staple of a newspaper. The same happenings but in different places and with different persons. That is what constitutes the newnss in them and gives them an attractive garb.

A new thing sparks interest. One feels pulled towards it. A new thing refreshes the soul, dispels the tedium of life and breaks the monotony of existence. A universe full of variety is like a picture with splashes of colour. A multicoloured portrait executed in all the colours of the spectrum is more tempting to the sight than a smearing of black and white. An exhibition hall holding something new and unseen is soon filled to overspilling. Man's tastes always run to newness. He is the greatest representative of newness in creation. Every human face is a new face.

Primrose had struck up acquaintanceship with a girl of the name of Unda Edmund during his college days. They used to be together during the college semesters and share the same bench in the class. They used to knock at each other's door, move out together to take air, have a bit together or sit together for hours spending time in the frenzy of games.

Unda was affianced to Millard Mitchell, a well groomed, dashing, young man of fashionable habits. He kept himself spruce and trim and always looked polished and shiny. He floated into Unda's world and got engaged to her. He was born heir to a large fortune, his father having progressed from the stage when he had'nt a smell of business to his present life when he did a roaring business in textiles.He paid calls on her,took her for a ride, had a gay life with her. He made tryst with her which he kept with great fondness. His heart ached for her. Life without her would seem to be a great void and nothing else could fill even a tiny corner of that void. Hers was a soul closest and eternally adherent to his own responses. The thought of her made him thank God for the day he saw light. He thought his coming into the world had been fruitful on account of her.

In her heart too love for him had bloomed. The day he squinted at her through his pince nez, her heart had

kindled with love for her. It appears that the lightrays from his eyes focussed through the lens had set her heart on fire as the sun's rays concentrated on an object through the sunglass cause that object to take fire.

One day Primrose turned up and asked her for an outing to which she readily consented. She did her coiffure before the mirror, dusted her face with powder and put on her high-heeled shoes. They then stepped forth for an airing.

On the road they went exchanging cursory views on a variety of topics. A wagon went lumbering and creaking under its heavy weight. A pedlar passed along hawking his stuffs on a handcart. There a petty trader sat on the roadside displaying his trash on the ground. Around him stood a knot of people touching and handling his ware. A hansom ran along the road. The tinkle of the horse's bell spilled over the air. Then there comes a barber's shop where a barber after lathering the face of his client is giving him the first rake with the razor. Another one has tucked up a neckcloth round the neck of his client and is cropping his hair. He is shearing his locks, lifting them in layers and snipping off the ends artistically, the hair-snippings falling on the neckcloth around him. Another clips off the moustaches of his client and is now working up the lather on his face into a fine frothy foam. Next one is a tailor who is trimming off the cloth to the exact required measurement. Opposite there is a butcher who has given a swift whack to a goat, skinned her and is now slicing off the meat to his customers from the various parts; hip, liver, kidney, tongue, chest or neck, according to their desire. By the side of that is a baker who has stocked snacks, toffee, rusks and chocolates in various broad-necked bottles in the front of his shop. He will part with anything for the chink of coin. A few steps on, there is a coffee shop where one can regale himself with a cup of coffee. A little onwards the road is under repair and a road engine

is chuffing and chug-chugging. A heap of ballast is lying on the roadside beside a number of tar-drums.

The two of them went along the road, step in step with each other. Whenever they heard the blare of a motor horn, they edged aside to let the car pass. Sometimes a cyclist quietly slipped by softly pedalling along. A coach rattled past and vanished in the distance. Stray dogs chased each other. One of them passed by sulkily with his tail between the legs. Pigeons cooed among the branches of trees. A newsboy ran excitedly crying out the news of the day. A weary pedestrian slowly trudged his way along. Fowls scattered before a car speeding along the road.

Leaving the outskirts of the city behind, they came out into the open air of the countryside. On the roadside there was a garden which smelled of scents and roses. They entered this to cool themselves a little under the gentle shade of the trees that will dispel the fatigue of a leaden-footed pedestrian. Faint breezes kissed them. They turned along a causeway, then stepped into a grassy lawn. The lawn was skirted on the roadside by a low hedge neatly trimmed and pruned by the gardener from time to time, its outspreading branches being hacked off by him. Many botanical varieties of plants and trees adorned the garden. The close-clipped grass of the lawn was velvety in appearance and very soft to the feel. The trees had a thick foliage, their leaves green with chlorophyl. The veinings of the leaves were like the lines on the palm of the hand. The fragrance of the flowers was borne on the currents of air from the bowers and flower grooves. The soft winds had wakened the buds to life. The branches of the trees rustled and soughed in the gentle breeze. The whole garden had a well-kempt appearance. It appeared that the gardener had fettled in his task.

Primrose and Unda sat in the luxurious shade cast by the luxuriant foliage of the verdant trees. They shot

a glance in this or that direction as they sensed something stirring there. Primrose sucked at his cigar and blew out a huge volume of smoke. He said something on the fineness of the atmosphere and its suitability for a union of souls. He then turned his eyes towards the road wherefrom some explosive sounds had proceeded accompanied by a rising of smoke and said, "look, Unda. Your lover's car has just passed. I saw it through the leaves. You see the jets of smoke that accompany the explosions of a car. Hurry up to meet him"

Unda scurried to the road to call back her lover only to find a country yokel with exploding crackers dangling at his hips, making towards her with outstretched arms.

Another great pal of his was Charles Coburn. He was a friend of his bosom. He was promoted sergeant in the army. He was a smart, nimble-witted young man who used to do his work with devotion and dispatch. Howsoever great the press of work in the office may be, he would apply himself to his task with assiduity, put his soul in it and finish it off in no time. His aim was clear and straight-lined and that was to please his officer. Col. Lunham, his officer, was a man of great hauteur. The least breach of manner sent him into tantrums. The least disrespect convulsed him with rage. The least offence so upset him as to occasion storms of fury. He would take umbrage at the least deviation from propriety. He had an acute sense of self-respect.

One day, the Colonel asked Coburn to neatly type out some sheets of manuscript and leave the work on his table. Coburn did some fine specimen of typewriting on some fine sheets of glazed white paper and left them on the Colonel's table. The day drawing to a close, the Col. had already left and Coburn also buzzed off.

Coburn gave a report of the day's work to Primrose and Primrose made for his office early morning next day when the office doors had just opened. He applied

some ink to the feet of a cock and set it hopping on the typed sheets so that it left some criss cross lines on the typed paper. He left the sheets on the table and came away.

The Col. came earlier than Coburn. He saw the sheets and his rage mounted sky-high. Such impudence in Coburn as to use such paper for me. He would have killed Coburn but Coburn was not within reach. His hands itched to tear the papers to bits but he wanted to keep them as evidence for bundling him out. In that instant, he experienced such a vexatious, pent up feeling at the sight of those criss-cross lines as a bird entrapped, on seeing the criss-cross lines of the net before his eyes. He looked at the criss-crossed paper again and again and felt the same imprisoned feeling as a bird who sees again and again the meshes of the net before him and cannot destroy the net or vent himself on the trapper.

The poor sergeant was packed off home.

News got abroad that Primrose pulls other people's legs. It was breathed into the ears of everybody that Primrose makes fools of others. People began to be scared of him. They dissolved in his presence. Everybody seemed to have got scent of the matter that a thousand ideas spring forth in his pullulating brain to make fun of another or to put him in a cleft stick. They began to scatter before him. They escaped his presence.

One day some naughty fellow pasted a paper on the back of Primrose which bore 'He pulls other people's legs. Beware!'

That day Primrose entered a hotel called the 'Hotel Marina.' The imposing facade of the hotel stood overlooking the beach. There was an open sky above and an open earth around Ships stood in the offing. Waves broke on the shingles. The spume on the crest of the seawaves got stuck on the shingly beach and slowly

dissolved to nothing. The sandy soil ot the seacoast rippled like the waves The silvery sealine was zigzaggy and tipped with foam. The soft murmur of the sea kept stealing on the air. The seaside was a prominent promenade. People collected from all over for their evening walk on the sea. They formed thick clusters on the seashore. Benches stood all over the place to seat the people. The earth about the seaside was dun-coloured like the sky above. Sometimes the engine of a ship gave a shrill blast and the vessel began to steer through the waters of the heaving ocean tossing the water on both sides that looked like a horse's manes and went in receding billows. Sometimes a widgeon circled over a ship and then settled on the water.

The hotel itself was a favourite sea resort. Its over-hanging balconies gave a prominent view of the leaping and lapping waters of the ocean. Its windows got the cool moisture-laden breezes from the ocean. Its tiled floor was adorned with marble top and glass top tables round each of which clustered a number of chairs. The wainscotted wall still enhanced the beauty of the place. A soft orchestra played in the background. Its delicious notes rolled on the air. The whole atmosphere gave a sense of ease and luxury. It eased the mind, steadied the nerves and brought a feeling of relaxation.

Primrose entered its walls and ordered full meals. Viands began to be brought and placed before him. Scalded vegetables, grilled meat and steaming chops and steaks came to be served. He munched and crunched and lingered on the taste of every mouthful. The bearer attending on him, was a smart chap. He read the label on his back and noted its contents. He brought a particular brand of whisky and recommended its flavour to him.

"It will bring you empyrean delight, sir," said the bearer.

Primrose ordered a few pegs and drained the decanter to the last drop. The liquor went to his head and had its effect on him.

The bearer brought the bill. The charges came to £.2. s 12.

"What are the charges, please?" he said.

"Two twelve, sir, replied the bearer.

He took out his scroll of notes, counted £.212 out of them and passed them over to the bearer.

He then left the hotel and took his way home.

On his way, when his senses cleared a little and the mists of his brain lifted, he felt his pocket very light. He took out his wad of notes and counted them over again.

"I have been stupefying myself with food to such an extent. Meseems I have established a record in gluttony. I will give it in the papers," he said to himself and passed on.

A curiosity-stricken to a piper in a band:-

"Your feeble notes are quite inaudible in the tumult of noise created by the drums. The shrill notes of your pipe ever remain unheard amidst the roll of trumpets, thunder of drums. The feeble tunes of your pipe are drowned down by the sounding of trumpets, pounding of drums. The faint notes that you eke out with your pipe, are never heard in the blare of trumpets, blast of drums. Then why are you exhausting your breath puffing out your chest, blowing out your cheeks and swelling yourself out all to no end."

Piper:- "I am also trying to be a drum."

CLAP TRAP

DEAR sons of the soil of Nubia! Today I want to address you on an important subject, that is, the freedom of our country from the yoke of the Ghettish and the independence of the Nubian nation from the thraldom of Ghetland. The circumstances under which the Ghettish rule came to be fastened on us Nubians, are too patent. These Ghettish approached us for permission to ply trade with Nubia to which we graciously agreed. We granted them vast acres of virgin land never before spoiled by human hand or trodden by human feet. They cleared it of scrub and jungle, gorse and bracken and raised for themselves palatial buildings there. Then they began to do a thriving trade with our people. Their goods glutted the market. There was a boom in the trade of Ghettish goods. They began to sweep in large amounts in the course of driving their trade. Almost anything could be had from them for the jingle of coin. Their shopping centres gave heartening visions of thick pads of notes. They dealt in almost any commodity under the sun. Textiles and fabrics, machine parts and accessories, dolls and toys of spray painting, sports goods, surgical instruments and hospital appliances, articles of toilet, drugs, medicines and ointments, hosiery, millinery and haberdashery, shoes and footwear, typewriters, duplicators, addiators, sewing machines, harmoniums, gramophones and various other machines, all formed part of their merchandise.

By doing a brisk business in their merchandise, they acquired fabulous wealth. Stupendous wealth they made. When they had come into possession of countless hoards of wealth, they began to show us eyes although it was we who helped them on to it by allowing them our land. They would throw out their chest and walk with swagger-

ing arms, with fury in their in eyes just as when a hen whom you have set free on your run, gets a wealth of eggs, she fluffs herself out, goes about with outspread wings and always looks so furious. They were ever on the lookout to aggravate the slightest tif to unprecedented proportions. On the least pretext, they would start bullying and blustering. Their ebullitions provoked us gravely but we always kept our temper They would get into a rage on the least excuse, they would flare up on the least ground, they would take fire on anything. A paltry miff was justification enough for them to give ultimatums. The tiniest cause of misunderstanding was good ground for them to throw out challenges of war because they were too conscious of their bundles of notes and their purchasing power. Although we held ourselves in masterly patience, the atmosphere was full of storm-charged tension. War hung in the air.

One day, we were faced with a solid array of Ghettish soldiers. We too formed a solid bloc and came to meet them with waving flags and the tramp of marching. But on seeing them our hearts sank. Everything else was alright. Only the ground under our feet seemed to be slipping away. So when they rushed at us, what we did, you know? We took to our heels and ran headlong, in accordance with the sacred principle of non violence. This violence flows as a direct consequence of self-assertion. This self should be effaced. This egotism should be annihilated. Egotism occasions all the evil in this world. Egotism should be knocked out. The following is an excerpt from a sacred text:-

"The root cause of all troubles is egotism. Just as the dependants of a family hang upon the chief of the house, similarly all evils hang upon egotism. All tribulations, sorrows, miseries and afflictions terminate with the annihilation of egotism. If the cornerstone is removed, the whole edifice tumbles down. Similarly when egotism is removed, all the evils die down."

We therefore place upon ourselves and upon every beat of our heart service to the ideal of non-violence. We wanted to keep yards away from them so that we may not impinge upon them and cause any dent on them. The wind generated by their running after us also aided our speed. The more vigorously they ran after us, the more briskly the wind blew behind us and facilitated our flight. It eased our flight and carried us onward at wind-speed. Seeing this phenomenon, they called halt to their chase and retired.

In this way, by giving the go by to all decent principles and good sense and by abusing our adherence to the blessed principle of non-violence, they succeeded in establishing their dominion over us and we came under the bondage of the Ghettish.

Then came the Ghettification of our cnuntry. Ghettish language and culture began to be imposed upon the country Schools and colleges began to turn out men steeped in Ghettish culture and flaunting a knowledge of Ghettish. Thus there came to be two kinds of elements in the Nubian population those who were conversant with this tongue and those who were not. This cut at the homegeneity of the Nubian nation. Homogeneity is the soul of strength. When a cuckoo lays her eggs in the nidus of a crow and the eggs hatch out together with the crow's eggs, the young ones of the cuckoo shove the young ones of the crow to the brink of the nest and push them out of the nest. All this is a result of heterogeneity. Similarly the Nubians who are versed in this alien tongue enter into public services and penalise the other Nubians in diverse ways. They give them terms of imprisonment, they levy fines on them, they send some of them to the drop, they impose upon them. How much bad blood is thus created and how much ill generated. What a split occasioned. Heterogeneity breeds and brews all this trouble.

Further, our ignorance of this ghoulish tongue often creates odd situations. Suppose we are sitting in a circle of friends and a joke is trotted out in it. All others burst into laugh. If we stand aloof and don't join the explosion of laughter, we betray lack of taste and understanding. If we join the laugh, we don't know the duration of the laughter which depends on the potentiality of the joke. We continue to laugh while others have stopped. When they see us not ending our laughter, they think we are hysterical. They begin to laugh at us. When we stop laugh ng and find that they are still laughing, we continue the laughter. It appears as if an epidemic of laughter has broken out.

All the business in offices is transacted in this alien tongue. All the work is carried on in this foreign tongue. It is not intelligible to us. It is miles above our heads. It is wrapped in dark mystery. And whatever is mysterious has always some trcik in it like the hanky panky of conjurers. We cannot therefore subscribe to the fair-play of this administration.

It is therefore self-evident that if all this rot is to be cleared, we must throw off the yoke of the Ghettish. My blood boils to see my grand nation in vassalage to a foreign country. The task of all tasks before us is to free ourselves from foreign subjection. Our dire concern at the moment is to cast off the subjugation that has been clamped on us. Our supreme task is to snap the shackles of slavery that have crabbed and confined us and restricted our growth and expansion. We are bursting with impatience for having remained so long immured and imprisoned in slavery. They are plundering our wealth. They dominate us We are set over by a pack of Ghettish fiends. They order us about. All this is intolerable. It is very degrading. We should sink with shame at our ruined condition and fallen state.

We should therefore make herculean efforts to drive out these aliens. We should do yeoman's work to scare off these foreigners. We must achieve independence. The task before us is gigantic. It is a mountainous work. But we are determined to score a success in it. We have decided to win the goal.

Once we have sized up a situation and correctly measured the facts, it is not difficult for us to devise the means But the means adopted by us for reaching the goal we have set before us, should be stricty constitutional. We will eschew all unlawful methods. We will move within the tether of law. Unlawfulness is repugnant to us. Only the means open to us in law should be adopted by us to the exclusion of all illegal methods. We will always keep within the orbit of law. Law should never be infringed. Law should never be violated

At the same time, we must maintain strict fidelity to the hallowed principle of non-violence. Non-violence should be the rock basis of our endeavour. Non-violence is the creed that we hug to our bosom till the last spark of life in us. The praises of non-violence have been sung by the greatest sages and philosophers. Our faith in non-violence is ever staunch and unwavering.

The most effective means that suggests itself to the mind, therefore, is to make demands. Demand from them to leave the country. Make copious demands. Present petitions. Submit memorandums. Pass resolutions. Embody your demand in them. But better still is to make vocal demands. Make vociferous demands. Ask them to leave the country. Din it into their ears. Shout it at them. Raise angry slogans 'Quit Nubia.' Repeat it endlessly. Sicken them with your ceaseless clatter. Fill the air with your clamour. Make clamorous demands on them. Create an uproar. Shout angry slogans. Make an uproarious noise. Thunder into their ears, "we want home rule." Deafen them

with your loud noise. Stun them with your noisy demands Make life a hell for them. Lead processinns through the streets crying slogans, "we want home rule." Pop in at their office and shout slogans, "we want home rule." Appear at their bungalows and rend the air with your shouts. Shout so loudly and uproariously that it causes the abortion ot their females They will thus grow apprehensive of the extinction of their race: They will begin to feel that in this way their race will come to an end. They will therefore roll up their baggage and start off for their native land.

Client:- "Is your type good?"

Typist:- "Oh wonderful! Many people fell forward on seeing my type and you will fall backward."

Client:- "What do you mean?"

Typist:- "My clients trying to read what I was typing, felt unable to catch up with the rapidly shifting lines of my fast type and were dazed. On being handed the papers, they tripped and rolled over on their way off. When you will read my typed sheets, so neat and clean and immaculate, you will be lost in wonder and carried off your feet."

HOW TO CELEBRATE AN OCCASION

S.B.DALE, O.S.Gates, L.V.Kendail, V.N.Ormerod and I were great chums, with a unique compatibility of temperaments and likeness of tastes. Our hearts flowed in unison. Among us there was a sympathy of souls and we shared the joys and sorrows of each other. At the sight of the sufferings of one, the hearts of others melted with pity. When one of us told the others of any calamity that had visited him, their nerves were taut and their hearts racked with pity. When he proceeded with his tale of woe, the faces of others withered with pain. Their countenances twitched and gnarled and their fingers twisted. The expression of each betokened intense grief and occasionally a sigh escaped. If one related something joyful, the faces of others lit up with joy. There burst forth exclamations of delight from them. A thrill of pleasure ran down their spines and their bosoms swelled with exultation. Each of us felt a heart-born delight in the happiness of the other. If one of us narrated a tale of woe, the eyes of others glistened with tears. If he talked of something fortunate that had happened to him, their faces beamed with satisfaction. We were hand in gloves with each other and our hearts and souls were one.

Dale among us lived in a commodious bungalow on the fringe of a metalled road that ran past big business houses and the best shopping centres of the city. His own shop too stood a furlong's distance from his impressive, regal mansions. He did a rich trade in chinaware, crockery, thermoflasks and the like.

Gates was employed on a fat salary in a Government department. He was placed over a huge staff of workers and was in a position of delicate responsibility. The

whole situation bristled with temptations to give way to one's impulses of jobbery, snobbery and hobnobbing.

Kendall's father had rolled up a lot of money, doing business as a property dealer and share broker. He owned a good acreage of land and carefully designed and planned and neatly constructed houses, besides keeping a swollen account with the bank. Kendall was a hanger-on of his father, himself doing nothing but loafing and gadding about all the day. He had acquired a snappy knowledge of the various arts and sciences but did not worry his head about jamming himself down to any kind of work. He was a scatter-brained sort of person and could not fix his mind on anything.

Ormerod's father had come into possession of a rich patrimony whose value ran into five figures. This decent bit of fortune enabled Ormerod's father to live upon this money in comfort. Ormerod's father had a scrappy knowledge of the three R's and Ormerod himself had also received some education in chalky outlines. Life was not a grim struggle for them and they had never known of the buffetings of fortune or the grimy toil for eking out a pittance. They lived in plenitude in their smug house at the foot of a rocky bluff.

It was at my house that they all collected. Often when I was sitting reclined in an arm chair browsing on the news of the day, any of them would drop in and sometimes they all chanced to gather there. The house was approached by a gravelly path from the roadside. The house was flanked by a verandah on the frontside. It was crouched at the base of a hill in a shady nook under the branching trees. The honk of motor horns passing on the road, was pouring into the ears all the day.

One day I was lengthened in an easy chair in the verandah of my house, skimming a magazine. My head was thrown against the back of the chair and occasionally

I puffed a cigar. I shifted my head from one side to the other and flicked a page. As I was scanning a para, my friend Dale put in his appearance. He took his seat beside me and seemed to be in a crest-fallen mood. I had hardly any time to broach the subject of his misery when Gates and Kendall were seen crunching along the gravelled path. They felt a bit hot and wanted to sit under the fan to dry the perspiration from their faces. We therefore drew our chairs inside and put on the fan. Beads of perspiration stood on their faces.

"It's awfully hot outside down in town," said Kendall.

"Prickly heat," said Gates.

"This shady retreat is a heaven," said Dale.

Presently Ormerod popped in sullen-faced. His face showed streaks of worry.

"Hail fellow. Well met: You have put in your face after so many days," I said pointing him to a chair.

"My father was bed-ridden He has ultimately died, you know," said Ormerod

"Died?" exclaimed Gates.

"Nobody can have such a father He was a rose in the wilderness. He was a genius among mortals. God had given him capacious talents. There was nothing like him."

By this time, Ormerod had worked himself up to such a pitch of emotion that we did not think it proper to disturb the flow of narrative and sat like respectful listeners. I gathered myself up from my chair and again sat on it in an attentive mood while the other three jerked up to attention. Ormerod continued.

"He was a very lovable father too. Although he was an Indian of a darkish complexion, but being possessed of great wealth, he had come over to live and settle in England. Here he had married a young English lady of a rich auburn colour who is my mother. From early begin-

ning, I had conceived a warm affection for him and showed to him an intensely vibrant heart. I remember when I was a child, my mother used to carry me in her arms when out for a walk while my father walked beside her, resting his hand on her shoulder. A current of love flowed between them. When my father to lighten my mother of her load extended his arms to take me, how my toes and fingers twitched with joy at the prospect of getting into his arms as when Galvani hung up some frogs' legs on copper hooks attached to a railing made of iron, he noticed that the toes of frogs when they were blown by the breeze against the iron railings, twitched because of the electricity generated by the contact of two dissimilar metals. Once I was clasped to his bosom, nobody could detach me from there as when a man touches an electric wire, he gets stuck to it.

"God had given him prodigious talents. Though he had not received much education yet his profound talents were manifesting themselves inspite of his shabby education as in certain vertebræ if the optic vesicle, an outgrowth of the embryonic brain which develops the lens from the superficial layer of the skin opposite to it, is removed from its normal position and inserted beneath the skin on some other part of the brain it will develop a lens in the new situation. In my father God had planted the brain of a genius which in spite of its being in a meagrely educated condition was busy revising the theories of scientists and philosophers and transforming the whole mass. The other day he was at work on Fermat's theorem that $x^n + y^n = z^n$, has no solutions in whole numbers except when n is equal to 2. In that case, it has solutions as $x=3$, $y = 4$ and $z = 5$ so that

$$3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2$$

or when $x=12$, $y=5$, $z=13$ and so on. To all these existing

solutions, he added another which nobody had thought of before that

Trafalgar square + Soho square = Madison square. Now this is a solution in whole numbers because none of the house numbers or door numbers in these areas have been left out.

"Again Fermat says that

$$x^n + y^n = z^n$$

has no solution when n is greater than 2. Herein he was able to correct Fermat. If seven men took their meals and subsequently another batch of nine men took their meals, then altogether sixteen men took their meals. We can say that seven ate plus nine ate is equal to sixteen ate. In algebraic notation, it can be expressed as

$$7^8 + 9^8 = 16^8$$

"So Fermat's theorem goes for nothing. Herein my father was able to overshadow Fermat.

"And now I have to swallow the greatest grief of my life - the death of such a father. For fifteen days, I watched by his bedstead and ministered to his comfort. All our efforts to save him proved of no avail. Life seemed to be ebbing away. Ultimately the moment came when the soul began to take flight. He began to give out his breath in gasps. His eyes were glazed but the remnant of a breath yet fluttered in the throat Light had gone from his eyes but life yet flickered in the body as when the current stops, the lights go out but the fan continues in motion."

"That's very good Now you will inherit all the paternal property. All this immense property devolves on you now. What is there to grieve?" said I.

"You should take heart, Mr. You have got such vast properties. You will strut forth as a rich man now," said Dale.

Ormerod seemed to feel flattered. A light seemed to kindle in his eyes.

"That's very fortunate. But a mother's death is a grievous loss and a crippling calamity. I have lost my mother, you see, these days. Such a mother was going to prove a boon to civilisation," said Kendall heavy-heartedly. "My mother, you know, had launched an experiment for producing a better race of men. She was after turning out a better culture of human beings. She was not much educated but her intuitive perception helped her. With a sure intuition, she realised the fact that these street doctors whom people call charlatans and mountebanks who are openly and in the face of the diplomaed doctors bawling out their stuff, must be really having something fraught with great good. She obtained from them some drugs to be taken at the time of conception or in this or that month of pregnancy according to prescription for getting children of such and such sterling traits. She was using these and producing children, each with a peculiarity of his own as the presence of magnesium chloride in the womb of the fish Fundulus develops in the embryos one eye at the top instead of two normal eyes one on each side.

"I can't forget her death, her tossing on the bed, the regurgitations of breath and the rattling of the last breath in the throat." His voice sank as he spoke.

"If your mother had gone on producing litters of children like this, all the estate of your father would have been parcelled out into tiny bits and fragments and you would have got a very meagre share. It is better this process has been put an end to," said Gates.

This kind of argument had a great calming effect on him as the prospects of getting a rich share in his father's bequest loomed up before him. His spirits seemed to revive and his face beamed.

"All your misfortunes were in reality blessings in disguise. The loss of a parent was as a matter of fact a stroke of good fortune for you. But mine is a pure mishap," said Gates. "An undoubted streak of bad luck. See. I have lost my job - a job that brought me rich emoluments and gave me dominion over others. People looked upto me and obeyed my whims and moods. They always stood before me, awaiting orders from me. If I turned my face this way, they took a few steps round and stood in front of me, awaiting orders from me. If I turned the other way, they took a curve around and stood there facing me awaiting some orders to fall from my lips. Thus they always kept looking at me as the sunflower always keeps its face towards the sun."

"I opine," said Ormerod "the sooner a man loses his job, the better for him. There is nobody to boss over him and nobody to dance round him. No more cancerous care, no more corroding anxiety. One draws a breath of relief and feels an incubus lifted from his breast."

"My house has burnt to cinders," said Dale in a plaintive tone. "Such a splendid house is now a heap of smouldering ash. The whole thing went down under the flames."

"Then you were lucky enough to see a fire even though at your own expense. At least I will give any thing to see a good fire. We go to cinema to see a fire. It's a rare feast for the eyes," said Ormerod.

"Indeed when I was watching the flames crawling along the building, leaping to the other side and licking the various parts of the building; as I was noticing the various household articles flying away with explosive sounds, I felt as if I was witnessing a rare fireworks display. Even though I was sorry for the loss, a thrill of amusement ran over me. Though my eyes were dimmed with tears, a smile had forced itself on my face as when a place is being bathed in sunshine, the raindrops are falling," Dale admitted in conclusion.

"Now you will have occasion to live in different designs of houses, each with its own colourful variety of furniture and a new set of surroundings," added Ormerod.

So it appeared that each of us had an occasion to celebrate. Each of us was worthy of receiving felicitations from his friends. Each of us was the recipient of hearty congratulations. Each of us was loaded with heaps of congratulations. Each of us was warmly and profusely congratulated. Each of us was felicitated for the piece of good luck that had fallen his way. It was another happy circumstance and a lucky coincidence that all of us should become the chosen ones of the Lord for receiving his grace at one and the same time. It was therefore decided to celebrate this occassion by holding a feast.

Preparations were in great progress. It was another fortunate circumstance that my termagantian wife who was always fretting and squeaming, had left me those days so that we had to cook our dishes ourselves. In the art of cookery or my wife, salt, soda, sugar and baking powder freely interchanged places. Now we could savour or flavour everything according to our taste. We could add a pinch of salt or sugar according as we desired, We could brown or roast anything, make it sloppy or crumbly just as we liked. Gridirons and grills, spoons and ladles, pans and pots came to be brought into service. Frying pans and griddles were giving out a hot smell as the various kinds of preparations were sizzling and smoking, frizzling and frying on them. In the process of cooking, things got shrivelled and withered, wrinkled and curled up. The tongues of flame rippled and waved, danced and pranced, went up and down in the grate. When the fire lowered, we raked the coals or stirred the logs and fanned the fire. The fire blazed up. The cauldron began to issue volleys of steam which went forth rolling into the air. The bubbling cauldron made a noise gratifying to the the ears.

In that house nestled among the trees were going on the preparations for a gala feast.

Ultimately the feast was ready. We set a table under the fan and arranged the dishes and plates on it. Around the table we took our seats, the carefree people of all the lands.

Knives and forks clattered in the plates. Sounds of munching, crunching, snapping the teeth smacking the lips and clicking the palate went on. Wine flowed freely into the cups. It was a stately banquet. The cups brimmed over with wine. Wine spilled over the rim. It was a glorious feast in that house huddled under the cliffs. The various articles, sweet and savoury, made a dainty repast We chewed and chawed and lingered on the taste of each mouthful. Gates was very expert in champing and making a lot of sound in eating. Glasses clank and tinkled. Dale ran his tongue over his lips after every morsel. We exchanged smiles with each other and rolled our heads in unison. We rolled the food in our mouth and closed the eyes over its taste.

The best item in the feast was the heady wine. The bubbling, golden wine, that rejuvenating liquid -- we swilled measure after measure of it down our throat. We poured glass after glass of it down our throat till it washed away the taste of every other article and left a sharp tang on the tongue. We then passed the hand of satisfaction round our bellies and had a little spell of smoking.

Evening had come on by this time. We issued out for a walk. Playful winds greeted us. Trees stood in serried ranks on both sides of the road. The serrated leaves of the palms made a rustling sound when shaken by the wind. Further on, the roadside trees were seen spaced at regular intervals. Birds were seen flying in flocks and retiring to roost for the night. The sun was lowering in the west. It had painted the west in fiery hues. Shadows were lengthening. The sun was collecting

its rays in a broad sweep over the land. The wind was blowing across our faces. It blew away a lock of mine which I again swept back. Our clothes flapped in the wind. It was a jolly time for us and we were in a jovial mood.

Occasionally a coach rattled past us and the coachman cracked his whip to make his horse gain speed. Tree-tops were swaying in the breeze. The wind whispered, soughed and murmured among the leaves. In the tank by the side of the road the ducks and geese were disporting themselves. The passing of a car raised a cloud of dust that floated for some time and then subsided. The farmer was carrying his team of bullocks home. The bells in their necks sprinkled a sound over the air. Sun was gilding the tree tops, the pinnacles of cathedrals and the peaks of yonder hills. A straggling house or two made their appearance by the side of the road.

It was a fine time. We were trotting along the road at a leisurely pace, exchanging gossip. A chatty talk had started among us and we were regaling each other with friendly gossip. We were in fine spirits and much wit and fun passed between us. The wine had gone to our heads. We were full of mirth and fun. Laughter rolled among us. A chatty remark from one of us and it brought forth ripples of laughter. A witty remark from another of us and we were bubbling with laughter. Another made some funny remark and there was a fresh burst of laughter. When that subsided, another poked in with some remark and a fresh wave of laughter swept over us. All is grist for the grindmill. Anything could evoke our fun. A witty saying from one of us made us rock with laughter. A piece of joke from another of us sent us into paroxysms of laughter. A bit of fun from the third of us and we went into hysterical laughter. It was getting difficult for us to keep our heads.

People wandered as to what had happened to us. A

batch of them stood looking at us, lost in surprise. Ultimately one of them ventured to ask us, "Who are you?"

"Don't you know who we are? Should we tell you who we are?" we said to him, throwing out our chest in a right drunkard manner.

So there was a free fight wherein we fractured some bones and flattened some noses and opened some skulls and proudly returned home, each to his own nest.

After that, we met together in jail.

This is how to celebrate an occasion.

A successful litigant to a court peon accosting him for a tip:-

"How is it that it is the judge who passes the judgment but it is you who demand the tip. If the plaintiff succeeds, you are running after him and twist something out of him. If the defendant wins, you hook to him and squeeze something out of him. It is the judge that counts. You have no kind of concern in the matter."

"Who is the judge?" said the peon, "It is we who made a judge of him. The judge came out of the bath room, nude as Adam in the garden of Aden. It is we who dressed him in coat and pants, threw a gown over him put a wig on his head and made a judge of him. If we break the hind leg of his chair, prop the chair on it and switch off and the judge comes, hitches the chair nearer to the table, sits on it and goes off, he will then get up and fret and fume and start dismissing all the cases."

HURRY SPOILS CURRY

VICKIE BAUM was running a hair-dressing saloon on the Lodge Road. He had all the barber's tackle of puff powder, shaving soaps and brushes, clipping machines, scissors and razors, mirrors, adjustable chairs and revolving chairs, nail cutter, neck cloths and towels, face creams, hair oils and other sundries. All the day, the customers were pouring in and he was busy stropping or honing his razor on a leather strap or hone, working up a lather into a fine froth or paring the nails. As soon as a client entered, he would toss off a curtain and start attending to him, combing and clipping his hair, shaving off his stubble or manicuring his nails. He would shampoo the hair and give them a fine wave. He would part the hair in the middle or on the side or brush them back. He was carrying on a prosperous trade.

Another barber Coogan took some place on rent and opened his saloon right in front of Vickie so that a profound trade rivalry sprang up. Vickie began to experience a steady drop in his income. His day's collections began to show a great fall. His daily earnings declined. He would note with disconcert that the customers were being divided between him and his trade rival and his income had therefore halved. Formerly a customer would drop straight into his shop. Now he would come and stand on the road midway between the two shops, unsettled in mind and would enter the shop whose owner came nearer to receive him just as when we get far off from the force of gravitation of the earth and enter the solar system, an article or object dropped from our hand will remain suspended in the air on account of the equal gravitational pull of two heavenly bodies round it and will be drawn towards the planet which passes nearer to it. Vickie could not see with a composure of mind a steady

diminution of returns.

So Coogan was a thorn in his side. There used to be a wordy warfare between them. Exchange of hot words used to take place. They would spit foul abuse on each other and use burning language. Provocative language was as often indulged in. Lacerating words and umbrageous language was used to whip up each other's ire Inflammatory expressions were thrown out in quick succession to exacerbate the other man's feelings and lash up his fury. One day, these vituperations reached such a pitch that Vickie vowed eternal enmity to Coogan to harm and injure his interests in all possible ways. To emphasise his oath, he took his little son in his arms and swore by him abiding enmity to Coogan as when an intransitive verb takes a cognate accusative formed from itself to emphasise its own action e. g. in:-
'ere the bat hath flown his cloistered *flight*' or in 'Let us run with patience the *race* that is set before us.'*

In the barber community, there was wild consternation. They pricked up their ears when they heard of this. That Vickie and Coogan have threatened dire consequences to each other, was a matter of serious import. Two of their men were at loggerheads with each other and were holding a bludgeon for each other's head was something compounded with evil and may spread contagion and whirl into the fight many other people. Bad blood among barbers is a dangerous thing. As the letters 'c' and 'g' are 'soft' when they give in a word the sound that is indicated by their name as in 'peace' 'courage' but are 'hard' when they stand for a sound which is not indicated by their name as in 'curl'

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*Cognatus in Latin means 'born,' so cognate object is an object from the verb. 'Son' is in Sanskrit called 'atmaja' which means, born from the self.'

'graph', similarly a barber when he does the work that his name suggests, gives a soft, pleasant, luxurious shave, but when he takes to another kind of work which is not hinted by his name, he is very hard and cruel and his razor turns to blood-spilling.

A representative body of barbers tried to bring them together so that they should sink their differences and live in peace and amity. The chief of them invited them to tea at his house where some other barbers also collected. Vickie and Coogan were asked to compose their differences and banish ill will. Instead of pursuing the path that will lead to sabotaging the peace of the barber community, they should promote good feeling and pave friendly relations. To this proposal, Vickie and Coogan signified their consent. They sealed their approval on it. It was then suggested that the fact should be made public by arranging a public meeting in their honour where Vickie and Coogan should come and embrace each other before the entire public. Scenes of enthusiasm will prevail and waves of delight will sweep over the audience.

It was then proposed that their arrival into the meeting should be heralded by beat of drum. When they loom into vision while arriving into the meeting, a drummer should stand on the stage and announce their arrival by a volley of drum beating. Then another said that there should be a piper also. A drummer never goes alone. A drummer is always accompanied by a piper That is the law of nature. The howling wind and the thundering cloud always keep company. Wherever the cloud rolls, the wind is seen coming after it. So a piper is as much of a necessity. A band of two, a piper and a drummer, should therefore welcome their arrival in public.

The question of costs next loomed up before their mind. Who will pay for the piper and the drummer, was the

question that engaged their mind. It was stated that the unity of Vickie and Coogan will prove enduring if they bear the expenses of the band because they will thus hug to heart the friendship which they have so dearly purchased. The costs of the band should therefore be shared by both of them.

Upon this Vickie agreed to pay the drummer's charges. Coogan said that he would pay for the piper.

"The drummer is mine," said Vickie.

"And the piper mine," said Coogan.

They both gave their hand upon the bargain and the matter was clinched.

In the Company Garden, on the close-clipped grass and under the open sky, were spread the matting and carpets for the barbers' meeting. The lawn was fringed all around by spreading chestnuts, heavy-foliaged banyan trees and many old trees with crotchets and gnarled roots. Leaves came sailing on the air. Fragrance floated on the wind. The warble of the linnet mingled with the song of the cuckoo. The flowers on the stalks of plants looked like lights in a candelabrum. The meeting branches of trees laden with fruit formed an arch like that of a portal of welcome studded with light bulbs. The hedge trimmed with shears formed the boundary line of the garden Sometimes a dove shot out of the thick branches of a tree, sometimes a crow darted off into the air. The boles of the trees bore numbers incised into them Around the trees were water basins for holding water. Waterducts crossed the green lawns for conducting water to the various plants and trees. Benches stood under the trees for giving rest to the footsore wayfarer. A spit of land on the west had been ploughed and furrowed wherein flowerseeds had been cast. On the other side was a bit of a grassy land in which a marble fount was playing. The bronze dust of some celebrity commanded the garden prospect. Dead yellow leaves

flew crazily before the fantastic puffs of wind.

A dais was constructed on which there stood a table and two chairs. A piper and a drummer had already been summoned. Barbers were coming trickling in twos and threes from all nooks and corners of the town and taking their seats on the tapestried and embroidered cushions that adorned their seats. The way along which Vickie and Coogan had to arrive, was carpeted. On the fringe of the garden, people were collecting, with curiosity stored in their hearts. From the atmosphere that hung over the meeting, they gathered it to be a solemn occasion. A pall of silence lay over them. A reverent awe spread over them. One pressed through his teeth an enquiry about the meeting, the other replied in a hushed whisper. Whosoever passed that way, was drawn to the edge of the garden and was transfixed there. Slowly a knot of people formed there. The day had declined. A coolness had crept into the air. Whisperings among the assembled crowd were going on.

At once a heavy silence fell over the place and everyone hushed. Vickie and Coogan had loomed into sight.

At once the band started. The air vibrated with the sound of the drum. The piper's tune went up in the air

Vickie and Coogan were sailing along the carpeted way with flowing robes. The band was playing the welcome. The eyes of everybody were penduluming from the band to the honoured arrivals. Vickie and Coogan were tramping along in royal estate The eyes of everybody strayed from them to the band and back again to them. The guests of the evening were walking along with a stately gait. The piper and the drummer were bursting with enthusiasm to welcome them. Each was more eager than the other to display himself. Vickie and Coogan were pacing along side by side at an even gate. The piper thrust up a tune quite out of accompaniment with the drummer's notes. The drummer nudged

him and the piper pulled up. When Vickie and Coogan seemed to be approaching nearer, the drummer grew enthusiastic and started a quick beating of his drum which was quite out of tune with the piper's notes. The piper elbowed him. The drummer wavered on his feet then attained equilibrium. When the pair of guests came a little nearer, the piper bubbled with enthusiasm and sent up a shrill note that went up shrieking like an engine's whistle and surprised the drummer. The drummer jerked the piper with vigour and the piper reeled off but came back and said something in Yankee. A little later, when Vickie and Coogan had come a little closer to the meeting the drummer was wild with enthusiasm and started beating a fanfare. The piper resented it more than the drummer his hurrying to crescendos and gave the drummer a violent push that sent him staggering along. The drummer just managed to break a fall, returned precipitately and leapt at the piper's throat. The piper promptly hit his nose with the pipe. The drummer felt a spangled darkness before his eyes and was groping for the void. Then Vickie who had come closer by this time, felt his man being insulted and pounced upon the piper. It was a challenge to Coogan who swung a chair on Vickie. There was a pandemonium in which the relatives and friends of Vickie and Coogan rushed to each other's aid, ranged themselves on either side and were clawing at each other's faces. A free fight developed in which much furniture was damaged and many beautiful faces were spoiled. Ultimately the police arrived and restored order. Some wire net lorries were summoned in which all of them were loaded to be taken to the jail.

On their way to the jail, as pains shot through their limbs, they were saying among themselves, "Hurry spoils curry. The hurry of the piper and the drummer in rushing to crescendos spoiled the whole broth."

Sub-Inspector Bumble to Head Constable Jumble:-

"Somebody has spirited away this man's wife. What Section should be applied?"

Head Constable Jumble:- "It is analogous to cattle-litting."

Sub-Inspector Bumble:- "Yes. Seems so. Register a case under theft."

ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

One raw, cold morning I left my home for a walk to the riverside. The wind came swirling and repeatedly touched my face. A slight pallor had spread over the east and the sun's orb hung clear and distinct in the sky. The wind grew strong and buffeted my face. Fleecy clouds drifted in the sky. Birds perched lightly on the electric wires and swayed in the wind. The pole wires sagged in the middle. When a fierce wind rose and tore through, the wires shook and shivered. After the morning milching, the cowherd was driving the lowing kine for pasture. The cows went slowly along, flicking off the early morning flies with their tails. The shepherd drove before him, his herd of bleating sheep and goats that raised a cloud of dust after them. They rubbed their sides against a wayside tree to remove their itch. They tore off the leaves of a sundry shrub and browsed them. The cows ruminated and chewed the cud that clung like froth to their lips. The ploughman was turning over the clods of earth with his plough. The earth reeked with a strange smell. The overturned sods abounded in grass roots and wriggling worms. In another field, a poor peasant was mowing down the last harvest with a sickle.

A few steps on, there began a stretch of jungle. The trees exhaled curious vapours and made the atmosphere dank and clammy. In the inmost recesses of the jungle, there was stygian darkness and impenetrable gloom that was never lifted even in the daytime. Noxious insects crawled along the earth. Deadly beasts had their lair in the interior. Matted creepers supported their tangled growth on the trunks of trees. Now and then, a wind

awoke and shook off the dry leaves from the trees. All the sounds of the jungle fused into a great hum that resembled the throbbing of machinery.

Leaving the jungle behind, I came on the open road and proceeded on my way. From the road a huge cliff that dominated the entire scenery, rose into view. A waterspring gushed from its flank and fell in a heavy, silver cascade A prominent peak jutted into the sky. The rugged outline of the mountain had a clear silhouette against the sky. Its sharp crags and points pierced the air. At one point of its surface, it showed a sharp decline towards the earth. At the foot of the mountain, the earth was strewn over with boulders, shale and scoriæ. The earth around with rock and mountain features extended for a considerable distance.

The road further took a curve to the left. A few yards on, there began a gradual incline in the road. The path began to take a rise. A little further was the bridge that spanned the river. The bridge went striding along the broad bosom of the river which passed under the bridge and went meandering in its course. Its waters fretted against the columns of the bridge and were churned by them. In places, there were dips and pools in it. It was steadily widening and widening in its course because its swift current tore away the banks in places while its placid flow was slowly eating away the soil in other places. The broad expanse of the river shimmered under the sun. People from the town came as far as the river to have a view of its scintillant aspect. Others came to take a bath in its cool waters and to bask on its banks under the sun.

By the time I reached the bridge, the sun had mounted high in the vault of heaven. There was only a solitary bather or a sundry wayfarer. I reached the centre of the bridge and stood by the railing of the bridge, watching the broad sweep of the rippling, swirling waters.

The waters were gnawing at the roots of the trees standing on the bank. A few paces from me were standing a young boy in his teens and an elderly man. They seemed to be surveying the entire place all about. A grown-up person was standing at a distance of some fifty yards from me and was leaning over the railings He was looking down into the stream and studying his reflection in the water, breaking up and uniting again, shattering again and again coalescing. As his image dispersed again and again, he could not get a proper idea of himself. He stooped low to see himself closely, went over the railings and dropped bang into the water. He did not know swimming and began to drown. His head went up and down in the water. One moment it plunged under the surface, the other it emerged above the water Waters rushed down his throat

The young chap felt curious and asked the elder man, "What that thing bobbing up and down in the water?"

"That is what they call Jack in the box," said the elder.

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The sun had gone high. I there ore bent my steps. homeward. I rolled along the road for a considerable distance, then entered a hotel. My home was yet far off. Besides, there was a fair being held on the edge of the town where streams of people were converging from all directions. I too egged on by curiosity took that way.

The fair was being held in a vast open area. There were swings, sliding planks and seesaws for the amusement of the children. There were merry-go-rounds that will give a joy ride and make a man dizzy. The jugglers were entertaining the spectators with their tricks such as egg dance, rope dance etc. By fixing the mind intensely on his aspect as a dancer climbing a rope hanging from the sky, the rope dancer hypnotises

his public into believing that they are seeing a real dancer. Some of their tricks are too patent. They will balance a cigarette on the upper end of a straw fixed in the ground. Then they will sprinkle some water on it and the cigarette begins to move round and round on the straw. As a matter of fact, it is not water but a herb juice that has this effect on the tobacco of the cigarette. Similarly in the mango tree trick wherein they make a mango plant grow from a stone in five minutes, they keep the shoot of a mango tree concealed in the earth that they throw around the mangostone for growth

The circus actors were performing feats hard for the flesh as jabbing a knife in the cheek, gulping down water containing live fish, allowing a car to run over the body and so on. Athletes performed constitutionals very difficult of mastery. Shooting a hair, slicing a lime on the abdomen of a person without abrading the flesh were marvels of precision. Acrobatic feats high up in the air spelt danger to life and limb If the gymnast had fallen to the ground, life would have snapped. Stopping a car, fighting a lion meant matchless prowess.

On the stalls, there was rapid passage of money for articles sold. The flow of customers to the shops was very thick. Everywhere there were signs of a gay life. People gaudily dressed moved about all over. Dandiacal persons gave themselves great airs while going about the fairground drinking in the delightful scenery. Fops added brightness to the colourful spectacle. Everybody seemed to be in spirits and the cheerful mood was on him.

In a corner of the fair, a lousy, snotty woman with ugly, ungainly features was standing aloof and apart. She seemed to shun the contact of the vulgar and did not like to rub shoulders with anybody. Yet every bucolic youth and uncouth rustic who passed that way took a curve towards her and gave her a little nudge. Every spiritful boor took a bend that way and grazed her shoulder. They seemed to illustrate why Newton's theory of gravity

was superseded by Einstein's theory of relativity. Newton's theory of gravity says that any two bodies attract each other with a force proportionate to their masses. Thus a body is attracted to another on account of the gravitational pull exerted by the latter. Einstien's theory of relativity holds that this force of gravitation is a figment of the imagination. The theory of relativity asserts that every body causes a curvature of the space in its immediate neighbourhood. Space near matter must be curved. Matter produces a modification of the space around it. It is on account of this curvature of space around a body that another body passing near it, gets curved and drawn towards it. An illustration will suffice.

You fill your bathtub and lay upon the surface of the water a large cake of soap so that it will actually float without breaking through the water, so that, in other words, there is no displacement of water. The cake of soap has bent the surface into a cusp or depression. Suppose now you take a tiny piece of cork and throw it into the tub. As long as the cork is not near the soap, it occupies a flat region of the surface. But if it floats towards the soap, it will slowly enter the cusped area depressed by the comparatively large mass of the soap. By moving into the bent area, the piece of cork is forced to yield a portion of its straight path and for a time is subjected to a twist while passing through the cusp.

There was no pull of attraction between this woman and the country youths. They did not seem to like her. She was too repulsive in appearance. She too did not like them. She rather threw them off as they touched her. She seemed to have formed some curvature of space about her so that whosoever passed that way, curved towards her and gave her a dig. When the cork collides with the soap, it spins round and ts off. Similarly a youth after colliding with her, took a spin and was off on his way. When a man and a vessel collide, it causes a dent in the one, it raises a protuberance on

the other. When these youths ran into her, it caused her some irritation, it gave them some delight.

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The afternoon was far advanced. I thought of returning home. Leaving the milling throngs and the flowing crowds behind, I threaded my way home. In the way, I met a procession marching to the strains of music from a band. I enquired from a stray bystander as to what sort of a procession it was. He said to me "There was a fight between a grocer and a tailor in which the tailor was licked. This man, riding the horse, is a grocer, Joachim of name He gave the tailor a sound drubbing. Thereupon all the grocers acclaimed him and hoisted him high in the air. They patted his back and said, 'He is the cause of the glory of our community. He has raised the name of our community in the world. We grocers feel ennobled and edified by having him in our midst. He has put the prestige of the grocer community on a sound footing. We will lead him in a procession through the city.' So they are taking him in procession on a horse. The procession will end in Smelton Square where all the other grocers of the town will be waiting to give him a thunderous reception. There he will be received with great eclat and loudly cheered."

I peered through the multitudinous throng and caught a glimpse of the horse and the rider. The horse was richly caparisoned and heavily garlanded while the rider was sitting astride the horse, with an arm akimbo, twirling his moustaches with the other hand. I said, "It's not a horse. It appears to be a very low-sized creature." They said, "They are poor grocers. They can't afford the cost of a stately horse. They have engaged a pony." I too joined the procession and followed in the steps of the horse.

The procession meandered through the various streets

and thoroughfares of the town, through narrow places and broad spaces. Sometimes it elongated when it passed through narrow streets. Sometimes it swelled up when an open space came. It spread out at the cross-roads. In the van, there was a grocer who led the horse by a nose-string. As the procession passed, people filed on the two sides of the road to let it pass smoothly and triumphantly. Ultimately it reached Smelton Square.

In Smelton Square, a number of people from the general public had congregated besides the swarms of grocers from all over the city. There was a huge, pressing throng. When the procession burst into the open square, there were scenes of great enthusiasm. People were bursting with desire to see Joachim. When the procession halted, the nose-string of the horse was dropped and Joachim was helped to alight. Joachim came a few steps forward and was profusely garlanded by the grocers waiting there to receive him. Among the grocers, there were some who were too poor to afford the cost of a garland. They rushed to the horse, removed the garlands from his face and put them round Joachim. As the garlands were being thus removed, it revealed the face of a donkey. Somebody pulled off the caparison and it was a donkey all over. The grocers began to look right and left while Joachim blushed red with shame

There was an explosive outburst of laughter among the public at the pecuniary condition of the grocers.

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I returned home late in the night and crept into my bedsheets. While wrapped up in my bedsheets, I fell into deep thought. As I reflected on the episode of the drowning man, the snotty woman and the donkey procession, I came to the conclusion that the maxim "One man's meat is another man's poison,"is incorrect. It should be, "One man's poison is another man's meat."

A (a listener on hearing the loud explosive sounds of the radio) :- "What is this?"

B:- "This is called atmospherics."

A:- "What is it due to?"

B:- "The speaker is clearing his throat."

MUTTONHEAD HOGG

MUTTONHEAD HOGG was a figure that accentuated a man's interest to know more and more about him. A hooked nose, slit eyes, hollowed cheeks, a narrow forehead and brawny arms made up the man. In his skull, he carried a clod of a brain not adequate to cope with the problems of his life. His mind could not probe into the mysteries of a matter, rake up the issues involved, or balance the pros and cons. He could not grasp the realities of a situation and untangle it from the inessential wrappings. He felt himself at a loss if he had to tunnel through a mass of facts and reach at the core of the matter. It was a tough job for him to find a truth blanketed with deceptive coverings. He could not part off the tangible considerations from the intangible and insubstantial ones. The real entities of a matter could not penetrate his skull. He was considered a chuckle-headed sort of person. The stirrings of his brain could not equal the sweep of thought of an intelligent human being. The dim glimmerings of perception that he had, could not vie with the flashings of a truth in the mind of another. He was a flat headed sort of person whose brain lay in a dormant state. Things could not enter his thick, impenetrable skull, they could not percolate into his head. So he earned the sobriquet of 'mutton-head.' They used to call him 'Mutton-head Hogg.'

His command of vocabulary too was very limited and confined. He was always groping for expression. His diction was mostly a collection of vocables and monosyllables. He was not a man of much education or learning and had a very slender vocabulary at his command with which he could not dress up his thoughts in suitable language having in it the full amplitude of meaning. He could not word his thoughts in proper

phraseology. He mostly stuttered and stammered and stumbled upon his words. He could not gab his ideas in a diction pregnant with sense. He felt completely bewildered when he had to translate his feelings into words. His broken words could not properly phrase the emotions of his heart.

Knowing that Hogg could not clothe his thoughts and feelings in appropriate language, his friends and acquaintances had adopted other devices for tapping his mind. They had based their methods on the geologist's methods of tapping the mineral resources of the earth at a particular place. They determined his heart's contents as a geologist determines the earth's contents. With the geologist, there are four methods for ascertaining the contents of the earth at a particular place, viz. the magnetic, the gravitational the electrical and the seismic.

In the magnetic method, a magnetometer is placed at the spot. Because iron ore has some magnetic properties the presence of an iron ore under the surface at a place will cause a deflection in the needle which it will not show in a neighbouring place where there is no iron ore underneath. This magnetic dip or the pointing of the needle in a particular direction indicates the presence of an iron ore under the ground. In the case of Hogg, the needle of his nose gave much indication of the state of his heart. The direction in which his nose pointed, gave an idea of the state of feeling in his heart. If his nose was turned to the right or the left or upwards, it meant dislike, disapproval, haughtiness and the like.

In the gravitational method, a pendulum of a given length is used and the time of its swing is noted. The time of its swing is longer where the gravity is weaker and vice versa. Where there are denser masses in the earth's crust the pull of gravity is greater. The presence of basalt which has a greater density and of salt domes which have a low density, is thus detected from the swing of the pendulum.

The head of Hogg was the pendulum that told the tale of his heart. The swinging of his head backward and forward signified consent or meant an affirmative answer. A jerking of his head right and left connoted dissent or a negative reply while a violent shake of the head marked a sheer distaste. A fine rolling of the head from side to side spoke of some pleasure that surged in his heart.

In the electrical method of divining the sub-terranean contents of a place, an electric current is passed through the rocks under the surface by means of an electrode placed in the ground. Some rocks such as those contain ing ores of copper sulphide and lead sulphide are good conductors of electricity whereas some others are bad conductors of electricity. The conductivity of the rocks at that place is measured by means of another electrode placed at some distance from the first eletrode.

To find out whom Hogg loved out of two persons and whom he did'nt, the two persons were made to stand, one on each side of him. The hand of the one was given in his right hand, then the hand of the other was placed in his left. Hogg released his grip of one of the hands and kept his grip of the other, thus throwing out the hint that the current of love has flowed from one side to the other or that it has not been able to pass to the other side as a man gets stuck only to an article charged with electricity. This method thus revealed the passion that raged in his heart:

In the seismic method, a small charge of high explosive is placed in a hole a few feet below the surface and fired. The vibrations thus produced in the earth are recorded by means of seismographs set up at a number of neighbour ing stations. It is stated that these waves travel at different rates through diffrrent varieties of earth-formation. Thus they travel more quickly tarough more elastic rocks and so on. The nature of the earth-tremors generated by the shock gives a clue of the contents under its surface.

This method was tried with eminent success in the case of Hogg. His reaction to a pinprick or a pinch on the back denoted the state of his mind. If he was in a happy frame of mind, he would not mind it much and would only take it as a joke. It would create only a rippling sensation. But if he was in a sullen state of mind, a feather-prick or a pinching of the flesh would cause convulsions of wrath and resentment and he would go awry. Often a groan would escape his lips like the rumbling of the earth in a 'quake.

We make advances on our existing knowledge. Camera was modelled after the structure of the eye.

Partly from his vocation and partly from his habits, Hogg lived in a state of dirt. He was very dirty and dirt peeled off from him. His clothes were grimy and greasy and smelt of body odour. Often they were mud-bespattered and bore splotches of mud on them with traces of oil here and there. Slatternly of habits, he kept on accumulating dirt about him. There was a sickening smell around his person and sloth and neglect had settled on his limbs. Even the thought of washing the dirt out of his clothes made his limbs crack with pain and the blood clot in his veins. The thought of personal cleanliness made him spineless and inactive.

Because he harboured dirt in such enormous quantities, his clothes had become the happy breeding ground of lice. Lice were growing and multiplying every day of his life. As time trickled by, more lice had hatched. With days rolling on, the lice added to their numbers till the shirt was full of them, the pants seethed with them They ran about in all directions, changing their course or turning back. They especially bestirred themselves to activity in the night. It was after nightfall that their maraudings began in earnest. Hogg would therefore begin to feel most uneasy in his clothes during the night. He scratched here, he scratched there, felt a bite in one place, ran his hand thither and rubbed the flesh, experienced a nip there reached his hand thither and

nursed his skin. A louse was biting in the back, another in the neck and a third under the armpit. It made him crazy flinging his arms all about. He removed his clothes, sat up in bed and began to pick out the lice. As he spotted one of them, he would pick it off and throw it away, thus dropping it on the bed of another rooming with him. As lice entered the bed of the other person, he began to feel uncomfortable in his bed and was changing sides in his sleep. When the lice grew more in numbers, he began to wriggle in his bed and ultimately got out and ascertained the facts. He vehemently remonstrated with Hogg but ultimately thought it better to clear out.

Thereafter Hogg always stripped himself off while going to his bed. In this way he remained free from the prickings of lice in the night hours. Besides he applied some kerosene oil to his body for protection against mosquito bite.

One night a thief smuggled himself into the house and silently crept upstairs There was frosty silence all around and enveloped in the encircling gloom, he stole into the room of Hogg. Noiselessly tiptoeing in the room, he fumbled among many things and chanced upon his clothes hanging from a peg in the wall. A frozen silence shrouded the place. Among he clothes he found a bunch of keys. With the bunch of keys in his hand, he groped in the dark for the suitcase of Hogg When he got the suitcase, he applied the key to the lock and turned it round. The rumbling of the key in the lock awakened Hogg. When the bed creaked as Hogg got up from it, the thief bolted and after him Hogg too. They went down the staircase taking in four or five steps at a time. Then they emerged on the road, Hogg in hot pursuit of the thief and crying 'Thief', 'thief,' after him. The thief also began to shout 'Thief,' 'thief.' People sprang up out of beds. Soon a great crowd formed in which Hogg and the thief got mingled. Both of them began to fulminate about each other saying 'He is the

thief, he is the thief.' The crowd seemed lost to know as to who was the real thief Then suddenly one among the crowd stepped forward and said, pointing to Hogg, "He is the real thief because thieves always go bare-bodied so that nobody may catch their tresses in the event of a chase. Thieves often apply oil to their bodies so as to give a slippery hold if anybody lays a grip on them." As soon as these words were out of his mouth, they all swooped upon Hogg and fastened their grip tight on him. Then they all led him to the police station. During all this jostle and hubhub the real thief slipped away.

We did not follow the fate of Hogg further than this. We only know that some time after he was seen at his house minding his domestic duties.

Hogg used to assist his father in his household work as well as at the farm. His father had a bit of an acre or two of irrigable land on the edge of the town amidst a clump of trees. Hogg used to do the chores on the farm and furrowed the land with his plough. In the seams of the furrows, he cast the seed and watered the field. He would then erect a fencing round his piece of land. The seed split and began to send forth tiny, pointed blades of grass which opened up a passage through the soil and gave man the principle of the wedge for forcing a way through an object. If his field became water-logged, it was his duty to drain off the excess water. The plants grew and ripened and brought forth ears of corn. The corn took on a golden yellow hue. The whole ripe field swayed before the onslaught of the wind under the full light of the midday sun like a stream of water rippling under the flooding light of the full day that falls in wave upon wave on its broad surface. The season had taken a turn and the corn was ripe for mowing. When the corn was cut, it was stacked in shacks to be taken home

for threshing. When the corn was pounded, the grain separated from the chaff. The corn was then carted off to the market while the chaff was heaped high in a barn to be used as cattle fodder. Sometimes the crops failed or they grew smutty wheat which was filled and covered with black, sooty spores. So they passed a lean year with badly smutted wheat field.

At home, they were keeping a small garden in the backyard of their house. Hogg had to tend this. The trees put on blossoms and then bore fruit. Oftentimes the fruit was not quite upto expectation. The trees were blighted with something. There was the pear blight, the potato blight and the chestnut blight. As if these blights were not sufficiently destructive, other plant diseases such as the wilts, rusts blotches, curls, mildews, rots, smudges, scabs and galls invaded them. Controlling these plant diseases presented particularly pestiferous problems. Spraying helped in some cases. But in some cases, they could not get hold of any fungicide to combat the disease, Hogg was often busy making water channels, weeding out undesirable growths, hoeing, loosening the earth around a plant and turning it over. All these activities were beneficial to the growth of the plants. Weeds took away much of the plant forming elements in the soil. The upturned earth absorbed much nourishment from the air and became fertile enough for the next seed. Quite often he cleared the earth of fallen twigs and rotting leaves. He picked the fruit and loaded it for the market. During the fruit season, parrots and other birds alighted on the twigs and nibbled the ripe fruit. It caused him much vexation scaring them off all the day. The creepers went up and around the trees crazily like a desirous woman round the person of her lover. Some creepers like the lianas sent forth great shoots from one tree to another and formed an arbour. It was this feature of the lianas that suggested the idea

of the suspension bridge to man. Among the trees, there were some parasites as well Once the seed of a pipal tree got deposited in a crevice of some other tree through the agency of a bird to whose feet it had got stuck. The seed germinated and sprouted forth into a tender shoot. The young stalk grew and developed thrusting its roots deep down. It had such a vigorous growth that it choked the growth of the parent tree.

In the garden, there was a sandal tree too which is well known for its parasitic qualities. Trees growing in its neighbourhood eithe dried up or had a very chequered growth because it prays upon the roots of other trees.

Hogg would remain busy for hours digging the soil with a spade or dressing the earth with his shovel.

In addition to this, the duties of the kitchen wore out his strength Sometimes the ferrule of the tap in the pantry refused to yield water. He had to make arrangements to regularise the flow of water. Sometimes the drain of the water sink choked with silt and mud. He had to shove out the stagnant mud and clear the drain of foul, putrescent matter. Altogether his was a dirty job which it is difficult to idolise over.

As a subsidiary industry, Hogg started a poultry farm. A detailed description of it may be necessary as an illustration of how discrimination comes to man.

Hogg went to the fowl market to purchase a pair of fowls to get a wealth of chickens. He purchased a hen and for mating with her, he chose a particularly big cock so that the chicken coming from them may be of a better strain and possess a greater height and a well developed physique for people mate their mares with sires to have a colt of a distinguished breed. He left the two in his house and went about his own business. In due time, the hen gave a batch of eggs. He set the eggs under the hen and laid in wait for sturdy chickens to hatch. No

chickens ever made their appearance. Then somebody told him that his chanticleer was a capon. It was a castrated cock. That day, he learned an odd principle of nature that a castrcted bull remains diminished in size as compared with a stnd bull but a castrated cock grows larger than an ordinary cock.

After some errors and experiments, his poultry farm succeeded It began to thrive well. The hencoop of Hogg was run over by fowls, big and small. Cocks were crowing, hens were cackling, chickens were engaged in sham fight. Fowls were preening their feathers. Once a while, there would start a fight between two cocks when they would assume a ferocious appearance by raising erect their hackles. In the fight, they freely scratched each other's face with their spurs and beaks. In the chicken coop fluffy little chicks were running about in the wake of their mother. Hens were busy all the day scratching and scraping and raking the dirt. They flapped their wings and flew from place to place. They ran briskly and chased the flies. They fluttered their wings and ran after each other. The birds were growing steadily in numbers and the collection was being enriched by numerous additions from time to time.

One day, Hogg brought a hen from the market. She was dull and indolent and stood in one place with drooping head and wings and looked very sad and cheerless. Besides she discharged a thin mucus from her eyes and hiccoughed from time to time. Hogg had a very tender regard for his hens. So he felt very solicitous about it. He consulted many people about it. Somebody told him that she was suffering from a deadly infection known as Ranikhet disease. This did not carry much conviction with Hogg. He arrived at the conclusion that if it could be anything, it was nostalgia. The poor hen was suffering from homesickness. She was feeling nostalgic about her old home and habitat as is evident from her constant

weeping and sobbing. He petted her and consoled her, swabbed the tears from her eyes and kissed her face. Then he left her among his other hens so that she may while away her mind in their midst and forget her melancholic thoughts about her last home. Next day, all the fowls were inthe grip of Ranikhet disease so that the whole hencoop was instantaneously blotted out.

When the hencoop had been thus blasted, his hands were left free for the service of the cattle. The pot-udders of his cows yielded potfuls of milk. He mixed the bran with water and put it in the food trough for the cows. He put the mash in the crib and waited for the return of the cattle to feed on it. He milched the cows, heated the milk to boiling point, poured it into a broad pan and added a little curd to it. In a few hours, the milk clotted. When the milk had thus coagulated and formed curd, it was thrown into a churn and was violently agitated by a revolving dasher so that oily globules appeared on its surface All these fat globules were skimmed and separated. The butter thus churned out was sent to the market for sale while the whey was used in the home.

To ease the muscular tension set up by his work and to dispel the fatigue generated by his labour, he often took to music. He was very fond of music and had a profound taste for it. He would often sit for hours, thumping on his tambourine or strumming on his guitar. He would go on with his tambourine, thumping it heavily and lightly for a continued stretch of hours. First he would give a heavy stroke, then follow it by a lighter one. Sometimes he would follow one heavy stroke by two gentler ones. Or one or two light strokes may precede a heavy one. Then he would take up his guitar and follow the same practice there too, touching it lightly and heavily for hours and hours on end. He would alternate a stronger strum with one or two weaker ones

and vice versa. Thus he sat immersed in his music for hours and hours on end. The copious flow of music emerging from his instrument absorbed his mind for hours.

His mother could not stand it. The din of it was intolerable to the mother of Hogg. This ceaseless thumping of the tambourine, without any rhythmical flow in it, jarred upon her ears. It was perfect boredom to have to listen to the screechings of the guitar followed by a dull boom, for a continued length of time. It set her nerves on edge Ultimately she ventured to say, "It isn't so musical as all that. There is nothing in it from which you seem to derive so profound enjoyment You seem to be melting away."

"The music and poetry of the whole world is compressed in it. What is music, after all, but an accompaniment of poetry and what is poetry but an alternate succession of stressed and unstressed syllables (trochee), unstressed and stressed (iamb), stressed, unstressed, unstressed (dactyl) unstressed, unstressed and stressed (anapaest). So I alternately stress and unstress my strokes," said Hogg to his mother and continued thrumming his guitar.

Often when he was in good voice, he would start vocal singing. He was a capital singer but the only blighting defect was that when he was in the middle of the line, his mouth would begin to drip and spoilt the lilt of melody.

For the man of musculature, the greatest scope is in the army. Brains and brawns seldom go together. A man who has set his heart on the cultivation of brawns, will take stiff exercise and will therefore need heavy meals which will induce powerful sleep. The man of brains who has to go through ponderous volumes, who has to lucubrate and who has to spawn ideas from his brain,

can hardly afford to waste heavy hours in sleep. Brain culture and brawn culture seldom go hand in hand. They are not compatible. Brain work is an indoor and sedentary occupation. Body-building is an outdoor and muscle-straining exercise. The proper diets for a manual and an intellectual worker are different and have different calories of heat. Their vitamin value and their nutrition properties are variant. One kind of diet builds the brain tissue. Another kind of diet develops the muscles.

The metiers of the brainy and the brawny are different. In a field in which the abilities of one find full scope, the peculiar qualities of another feel blunted. Where one will cut a fine figure, the other will cut a sorry figure. Where one will be in his elements, the other will prove dud. Where one will appear to his best, the other will pr ve a rag.

Success in life therefore hinges upon choosing a calling for which one has an aptitude. He will thus succeed in harnessing his abilities to his best advantage. There have been men who failed in army medical tests but are numbered among the best of penmen. There were others who were laggards in education but made admirable soldiers in the army. Many men who were the floatsam and jetsam of their community, whose lives had been a barren waste and who were running to seed, suddenly found themselves, yoked their energies to the task that matched with their abilities and became the topmost figures of the time Even now they are remembered as the flower of humanity. They who were in doldrums knowing not what to set their hands to and were singularly inept at everything, were in fine fettle when they got the vocation of their heart. Those who bungled in the task allotted to them, were brilliant successes at the work that fitted their capacities.

Hogg thought he would make a capital figure in the army. His hulking figure, topping form would make a brilliant success in the army. His fleshy calves, his broad thighs, his tough flesh and his beefy body made for a career in the army. The muscles of his body rippled under his satin smooth skin. His steely frame qualified him for the army: His stalwart body, upright posture, swinging arms and a springy step would have gone to make of him a fine soldier. His proud bearing and hauteur would have capped them all.

Hogg sought the permission of his parents to take up a career in the army. His parents readily accorded permission with the ardent hope that they will be able to get a slice of his income.

Leaving the scent of that earth and the old familiar sights and sounds, he struck out on a path destined to lead him to the nearest recruiting office which was only a few miles off.

The harmonious development of his body vouched for his acceptance and he was readily accepted in the army. Some war was raging those days and people were being drawn into the units and once taken, were never allowed to leave unless they were absolutely woe begone and utterly unfit for any future work.

When Hogg was taken in employ, he was sent to a nearby military unit for work. There he was put on telephone duty. There was only one telephone in that office and the constant trilling of the telephone dispersed the attention of the office workers. It was therefore installed in a separate room and a man was put on telephone duty to attend to the calls and bring the person required on the phone. This was all that was required of Hogg. He had to take up the receiver, say, "whom do you want, please?" and then call the required

person on the phone Ever since the appointment of Hogg, the telephone always seemed engaged Whenever anybody wanted to put a message through the phone, he found it engaged Whenever anybody wishing to make a connexion with the office took up his receiver and dialled the number, he was greeted by an angry boom that indicated that the phone was not available.

One day, an officer of the signal corps wanted to phone. The matter was pressingly urgent. Whenever he lifted the receiver and rang up, he found the telephone engaged He slammed the receiver back. He then sat in the car and pressed the self-starter. The engine barked and started He sped the car and came to the office of Hogg and met the Major. The Major was standing outside his office, engrossed in a talk with some other gentleman who stood listening alertly. "I phoned to you several times but the line was engaged Ultimately I had to come," he said to the Major.

" I am standing here for half an hour. I came out to see this gentleman off then some topic cropped up for discussion Since then I am here. I did'nt see Hogg passing this way. The way from the telephone room to the office leads across this place. Let us see where Hogg is gone "

So saying, he proceeded to the telephone room in the company of that officer and found there Hogg lying stretched in sound sleep and snoring stertorously with the telephone receiver off its hook.

That day, Hogg got such a furious tongue-lashing that it cut his heart deeply He chafed under the indignity to his self-respect. He smarted under the insult loaded on him He was profoundly cut up bythe lacerating words of the Major about his gormandizing and heavy sleeping. However he tried to forget them, he could not lay them off his mind They kept hammering at his heart. the memory of these biting remarks surged

up in him from time to time. He could not forget the memory of those cutting remarks. It devastated his heart

One day, Hogg laid down his job and quietly sneaked away. He came home again to his old, familiar ranch and the sooty, smoky house. The wheat crop had just been gathered. He cleared the field of stubbles and made the ground even by breaking the clods and prepared the field for raising the next crop. He then left home and made his way for a recruiting office other the one where he had gone before. His idea was to join some other military unit. He could not conveniently give up the salary and allowances of military service.

In the way, a dust storm gethered. A flaky cloud appeared in the sky. A raging wind swept everything before it,carrying off the hat of Hogg which went rolling along the road a considerable distance in front of him. Tree-tops waved in the wind. Leaves rustled and tree twigs rattled in the wind. A dust cloud gathered and obscured the vision of things The red disc of the sun hung in the sky. The clothes of Hogg fluttered and flapped against his body. A few drops of rain fell amongst the general gusts of wind as when a man is shedding tears in the midst of sighs The ground was pock-marked with the falling drops of rain The clothes of Hogg hung clammily against his body. Hogg took shelter under a tree with a heavy spread of foliage and waited for the rain to subside In the midst of the heavy downpour, the cloud roared at times as groans escape a man when tears are falling from his eyes.

Gradually the rain subsided. There was a heavy deluge of waters across the road. Gullies were formed in the soil The rain had softened down to a mild drizzle That too sooner came to an end The sun shone with a clear lustre in a pellucid sky. Slight breezes blew all around There was a raw coolness in the air. The wet road glistened in the light of the sun. Birds

shook off the drops of rain from their plumage. Hogg crept out of his cover and stepped on to the road

Another man joined him on the road. The two went along engaged in a general patter about the climate and the whims of weather Some birds flew agitatedly before a gust of wind as if another storm was coming. The wind took a rise Then all was still and silent and they quietly went along sniffing the air around them The earth was steaming on account of the heat exuding from it with the percolation of water. A shred of a cloud drained of his contents floated listlessly in the sky. Hogg trod the road warily on account of its slippery surface

Still he was in a hurry because he had been long held back by rain.So he hastened his step and flopped down on the road. He brushed off the mud from his clothes and proceeded onward He then came to a point where the road forked Here the gentleman with the forky beard parted company from him. On the sides of the road water had gathered in little puddles. The cowslips were full of water In a way side pond water rose and fell as a squall struck it. Dry patches began to appear on the road as rain water evaporated from it The sun shone with a brighter lustre. The whole land was draped in sunshine Alone he went along the road. The tramp of his foot rang in the air. The road had a hard, polished metallic surface. His heals clattered on the road.

Among the thickets of trees, a lone house or two appeared. He was near the precincts of the city. After covering some distance, he came to a crossway where there was a signpost. He read the signpost and took the road on which, he was told, the recruiting office was situated. Ultimately he reached the recruiting office.

Lots of people were already standing there waiting to be enlisted Among them, there were complete ignoramuses who had never known military service But often there dropped in deserters also who,dissatisfied with the conditions of service in one place,joined another

unit Or they had made shortwork of some military property and had run away to escape the noose of law.

The recruiting officer was a captain with the name of Talbot.He was a buxom young man in his early twenties He was rather over muscled and had a ruddy countenance. He had a domineering personality and a full-throated voice that had the ring of command in it and would strike terror in the heart of anybody He had a gallant carriage that would do grace to any military officer

When the clock boomed out the hours of ten,the office bell also tang tang tanged the hours of ten o'clock in the morning. It was now time for the people to fall into a line tor the medical test. All sorts of men, reedy and willowy and plumpy, young and middle-aged had come to seek employment in the army. Those with a stubby growth and those of a tall stature,those who were well-proportioned and those who were dwarfish and stocky and thick set,were there to join the army Lean and thin and scrawny. fat and stumpy and obese had all drawn up in a line for the medical test

The captain came out of his office and gave the word of command 'Attention. 'At this,some of the raw recruits began to look towards the Captain and were straining their ears as the schoolboys do when the master says 'Attention ' Many other recruits remained standing listlessly not knowing what the command meant. But there was one man among them who pulled up nicely,throwing out his chest and clicking his heels together and he was Hogg Again the command rolled out 'left turn ' Hogg turned to the left and smartly clicked his heel while the other boobs were stupidly looking at the Captain Again the command rang out 'About turn,' and Hogg turned round with a smartness and precision that only some ardent service in the military could have given him The other nincompoops were just fidgeting in their places-The command shot out right turn, and Hogg smartly turned to the right and stood facing the

Captain. The other fools obeyed the command by looking to the right The face of the Captain smiled in approval upon which Hogg's face beamed with satisfaction. When the command shot out 'Quick march' Hogg marched forth from the line with a military tread all alone by himself. The Captain called him nearer. "Have worked in the army, Johnnie," The Captain said to Hogg; gave him a kick in the bottom and packed him off to fail.

He was kept in the deserters' cage for some time. An escort then came from his unit and took him thither He was court-martialled on a charge of desertion The Major did not want to retain him in service any longer because he was very sleepy and was always dozing and napping So Hogg got three months' penal servitude with dismissal from service. He was sent to a desertars' jail for hard labour.

As he was serviug his term, he felt very weary and broken-backed. The military fatigue was killing. It took the life out of him His bones crackled with pain By the end of the day he dropped down dead tired. He lay in an inert heap unable to move his limbs Then he got up slowly and crawled to his bed. With this train of sufferings rose up the bitter memory of his dellled wrists when he was led in handcuffs from place to place A look at his hideous convict dress added to his distress.

He fell into a meditative mood. If he had not, he thought, been too nice in replying to the commands of Captain Talbot meant to test if any of the recruits had a stiff joint or a touch of gout or an awkward gait, he would not have got this term It was his too much nicety in performing the movements of military drill that created in captain Talbot the suspicion that he had served before in the army and must be a deserter because nobody was allowed to resign those days

That is why they say that too much of everything is bad.

After doing his term, he got a release from jail and came straight home. Often he would sit for hours consumed by sorrow and grief. He seemed to be wasting away. Hours and hours passed while he sa pensively brooding over his grief. But time is a great salve Time heals all wounds. With the passage of time his grief lightened and softened. His past humiliation ceased to prick him much. His spirits began to settle into his old ways of life again The same old cares returned upon him, the same old joys inspired his heart, the same old motives prompted his action.

He began to feel the stirrings of sex Ever Since the budding of the sex instinct, he had tried to keep indifferent to his sex and gave it no thought. But now his sexual urgings were growing stronger and stronger every day They gave his mind no ease and kept persistently knocking at his heart His sexual goadings had now become fairly uncontrollable for him. He could not suppress his instincts which were impelling him to take some steps to gratify them. It was no longer possible to keep them down, They were irrepressible He was looking for means to satisfy his sexual cravings. He was in need of some girl to allay his sexual hankerings.

About a mile from the town there was a pretty dancing hall on a rise of ground. It commanded a bright prospect of the trees around and the low-lying lands. The vegetation outside rose in tier upon tier right up to the foot of the knoll. On the other side, there was a broad sweep of greenery so pleasing to the eye--it was just an eyeful The green landscape melted into softer tints as it receded farther and farther from view. The azure sky canopied the whole spectacle.

In this dancing hall people clustered from the town to get a bit of exercise coupled with sex entertainment The hall had a polished tiled floor fringed with benches on three sides. On the fourth side there was the bar with flagons and casks of wine and crystal glasses and cups arranged on a marble top counter The hall had a lintel roof from which there hung a chandelier.

The dizzy movements of the dance thrilled the hearts of those who sat watching on the benches Couples swung in dance and glided along the floor with a smoothness and perfection that took the hearts of the spectators. Lovers linking their hands with those of blue-eyed maidens swept along the floor in fine curving movements. The tresses of a maiden in the dizzy whirl of dance with her bobbing head and her hands joined to her lover's took on the appearance of a woman caught in a whirlpool with her hands clutching her rescuer's.

Hogg sat on a bench watching the whirly dance There was one couple in it that particularly captured his fancy They were going through the rhythm of dance in finely curving waves. Their faces were aglow with the flame of love that kindled in their hearts The movements of the dance increased the heat of love in them During the course of the dance. they came nearer to each other. touched breast to breast then parted off again and described a curve of dance. they seemed to illustrate at one and the same time. the theory of the cell; that light travels in transverse waves, that heat is a form of motion and that life grows out of cell division By touching breast with breast they seemed to indicate that in that delicious moment when a couple are breast to breast and are one then separate into two the germ of life is laid as when a single cell thins out in the middle and divides into two, the beginning of life is laid.

so he was infatuated with Belinda as the name of the girl turned out to be, He was full of thoughts about her He would have given away anything to have a night with her But Belinda did not like him because he had a very repellent aspect and too repugnant habits. She wanted to avoid him He came to the dancing hall to make court to her She ceased to attend the dancing hall Then to her house he went. She sent the word that she was not indoors So he sat there for hours waiting for her to come It became impossible for her to issue from her house. In this way, he was making a thorough pest of himself So she shifted her lodgings When he came to know that Belinda is living there, he reached her there too. So ultimately she left the town.

Nobody can foresee the end of his actions. On how many occasions in life we find that we achieve results contrary to our desires and to escape which we had been striving all along. Hogg too by an action of his achieved a result which was the very antithesis of his desire and which he had never contemplated.

From some source, he came to know that Belinda was living in such and such a town and at such and such an address. Before starting for the place to see her and to persuade her once more he thought it more advisable to verify this piece of information so at that address; he sent her a telegram "Is Belinda there" As a measure of sagacity it came to him that if he gave his own name as sender, she may give a negative reply So he signed it as Joule. When Belinda got the telegram she held it in her hand and felt a bit intrigued "Who is this bloody Joule" she said to herself What is he to me. May be a police hound. Some warrants are out for my arrest," she thought so and skipped the land.

A ready-wit returned home after a night's debauch, at three o' clock in the morning.

"Where have you been so long in the night." asked his jealous wife.

"I had gone to the cinema," said the husband.

"Your cheek bears the mark of pinching," said the wife.

"A police constable intercepted me in the way, thinking me to be a thief, caught me by my cheek and led me to the police station. After enquiries, he allowed me to go home," said the hussy.

"Your close shave tells another story," said the wife.

"When he allowed me to go, he sympathised with me for the unnecessray trouble occasioned to me and said, 'Lest any other constable take you to be a thief from your vulgar aspect and put you to trouble again, it is better to shave off your stubbles.' So he gave me a nice shave and let me off."

"Your trousers are still unbuttoned."

"That is the main part of the story. When that lawdog brought me to the police station, he asked me to open my trousers to show if any theft article was concealed therein. After that, in my agitated mind, I forgot to button them up."

MY LOVE

(Some torrid passages on love)

My Love! You are a priceless gem of humanity. You are the jewel of the human race. But you have a very crooked heart. You never yield to the appeals of love. You steel the hearts of your lovers, you plunder their hearts. You have got murderous looks. You are never racked with pity at the plight of your lovers. Your lovers die from want of yon You seem to take a fiendish delight in causing atrocious pain to your lovers. God has woven your fine fabric around a wicked heart. So they liken you to a pearl. An oyster throws its nacre around a flimsy particle of sand or some dead fly in its body and thus forms a pearl.

Your face is likened to the moon. The moon has black spots in it. They are the craters of extinct volcanoes. The hollows of your mouth and nostrils are the vents of volcanoes. They often come into activity when your mouth begins to salivate or your nose begins to run. The pits of your eyes fringed by dark eyelashes are like the charred mouth of a volcano.

God is a great magician. He has created your fair form out of dust and clay. But you are a magician no whit less. The magicians of old burnt the effigy of their enemy and the poor bloke died in his house. Similarly you take aim on a person with your eye and fire an imaginary bullet and the poor victim reels off and dies an instant death.

Your teeth are like pearls and the lips are like the shells enclosing a pearl. Then in another instant, it seems to me that your nose is like a parrot sitting over the slices of fruit that are your lips. Your eyes are like bees settled on the flower of your face. But bees suck

the sweetness out of the flower while your eyes add sweetness to your fair face. Your feet are like lotus and the legs are the stalks holding them. So they are like inverted lotus. Your navel is the whirlpool in the tank of your abdomen out of which grow the plaintain stems of your thighs. A fruit-seller grows peevish if anybody presses his plaintains and mangoes, touches his peaches and apples lest his mangoes rot, his plaintains grow soft and pulpy, his peaches and apples stain. You are like a fruiterer. How you squeam and peeve if anybody dares to touch your plaintain-like thighs, your mango-like breasts, your apple like chin and peeches-like cheeks?

O, my love! My love!

There was a heavy downpour of rain so that the electric lights in the houses went out.

Jack to Jill :- "Our rector used to say that God is a great magician. Now you see, he has sprinkled some water outside and lights have gone out in the room."

THE END

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